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REMEMBER THIS DAY

LIEUTENANT HUGH HANSON pulled the torpedo-bomber up into the get-away zoom. He could not have guessed how long it was before he heard a gigantic bellow of explosion below.

He glanced down at the doomed Nip carrier. It had been a close fight and his plane had taken horrible punishment. He sat numb now, watching the needle of his fuel gauge. There wasn't any question of his fate. He was finished. And the carrier was going down by the stern more than three miles away. There wasn't any question of her fate, either.

"Dowilton! Capshaw! Lewis! . . . Report!" he called. "Where is everyone?"

He could see Lewis at the radio panel, but the man was swaying back and forth like a dummy. Dowilton should have been somewhere below at the navigator's

He snatched a few precious minutes from eternity to talk to the girl he loved.

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

table. Larribee had reported clearing the torpedo, but he hadn't come through with: "Bomb doors closed, sir!" The doors were still open. Not that it mattered now.

He tried to see past Lewis's head, but his position was stiff and he couldn't make out what Capshaw was bending over like that for. He sat there wondering where the Jap torpedo bombers would land, now their carrier had gone down.

"Range 1400 miles," he muttered, reading the data on the metal plate set dead-centre on the instrument panel. "We chased that tub for more than three hours. That puts us fully 650 miles away from anywhere. Oh, well, it was a swell war—while it lasted."

He twisted again and tried to raise a pal: "Hey, you guys! We got maybe twenty minutes the way our tanks are drooling. What about that dinghy, Dowilton?"

In spite of the thunder of the big

motor up front, there was an oppressive silence through the framework of the fuselage. Hanson tried to remember the text of courage carved across the facade of a building at Farragut. Or was that Annapolis or Pensacola? He wondered how soon the papers and radio stations on the mainland would be announcing the sinking of the Japanese carrier. He pondered on that, and then looked over his shoulder at Lewis.

He watched while Lewis toppled forward and slipped off his seat. He knew then that Lewis had not reported the action. He'd probably been dead since the torpedo had been released. It was then he realised that they were all dead . . . all his crew. He was quite alone.

He jacked in his own throat mike and took over the radio set behind his right shoulder. He knew someone had to make a report, and he had only a few minutes.

Hanson called Midway, snapped over, and got a response. "Get me Johnnie Kennedy," he said calmly to the answering operator.

He remembered Johnnie Kennedy. Johnnie was still a lieutenant (Jr. Grade) in charge of communications. This report would give Johnnie a boost.

Knowing that, he didn't at all mind asking a favor at the same time. Kennedy would do it for him. They'd done things for each other many a time they'd been in the shadow of their own goal-posts. That seemed years ago!

JOHNNIE'S voice came through from the glorious atoll in the Pacific: "Is that you, Hanson? Don't tell me we've got to send a destroyer after you! Where are you?"

"Take a bearing on me, you dope!" Hanson answered gaily. "Listen, Johnnie! How would you like to go to glory? I've got a real report, but you don't get it until you get me a wire."

Johnnie Kennedy added two and two . . . and he knew. "How soon can you get the mainland? Oakland, California—Rushmore—1879? You can boast me, can't you?"

"Sure! I can get demoted, too. How bad is it?"

"Can you get it in seven minutes, Johnnie?"

"Seven minutes?" Kennedy echoed him in surprise.

"Seven minutes, I said. Six and a half by now," Hanson called back briskly. "My juice will be finished by then—." His voice cracked suddenly and lost its gaiety. He swallowed hard, then added: "And so will I, Johnnie. They got me—properly. I'm through—all my men, too—all gone—"

There was a moment's pause, while Kennedy stared rigidly before him, too shocked even to speak. Then he answered, trying to control the shakiness of his voice: "I'll try it, boy, but it'll be tough getting through that fast . . . Rushmore—1879 . . . Yeah! Oakland. Punch that through, fast!"

He turned back to the set that was bringing Hanson through from the torpedo bomber, and worked fast to set up the system by which the pilot could talk over a boosted circuit to the mainland.

Johnnie knew whom he wanted to contact. Vane Crary was all a man could wish for. Someone you adored escorting into the best spots because she assayed high where the competition was keen. Dark blue eyes, luxuriant hair, a delectable voice.

It had been a case of love at first sight with her and Hugh Hanson. Johnnie knew. They had met first at a twenty-first birthday party—a gay, crazy affair, back in those carefree days before Pearl Harbor—and neither of them had since had a thought for anyone else.

Small wonder, either, if you knew them both—she so sweetly attrac-



It was untold joy for Hugh just to sit there listening to Vane's eager voice.

tive, so completely unspoiled, he as fine a chap as you'd be lucky enough to meet in a lifetime . . .

"Okay! Let's have it," Johnnie snapped, as though he were taking a routine report on the disposal of shell cases. "I'll get her in time if it kills me. I hope she's home, that's all."

Hanson sat and watched the fuel gauge needle and gave his report on the Jap carrier. In short, cold, staccato sentences he blocked in a new chapter of naval history that wouldn't be published for eight days.

And, as he talked, he could feel pain searing more and more insistently through him . . .

Just as he finished a voice reported to Kennedy: "A Miss Crary—long distance."

"Right! I'll take it here . . . Here you are, Hanson. Take it away!"

Johnnie almost choked as he sat there controlling the volume and listening-in . . .

"Hello, Vane!" Hanson came in. "This is Hugh, your wandering boy. Speak to me, baby!"

The girl's voice came back, delighted, and a little breathless with excitement:

"Darling! How did you remember? I was just leaving to take Mother out for my birthday treat. Where are you? What are you doing?"

Hanson drew in his breath and thanked his lucky stars he had chosen this day, of all days, to make his fanfare. And it was untold joy for him just to sit there listening to Vane's eager voice. He gritted his teeth against the pain that was now threatening to overwhelm him, and went on brightly:

"You ought to know where I am, pet. I had a few minutes I didn't know how to use up, so I decided to call you. Great stuff, this long distance, eh?"

Johnnie Kennedy gripped the edge of his cable and closed his eyes.

"But this is wonderful!" the girl answered in a tone that caressed. "On my birthday, too. I shall remember this as long as I live!"

"Sure! Sure you will," Hanson replied. "Bet you're duked up for a killing. What are you wearing for this parade?"

She laughed a delicious little laugh, and went on merrily:

"Oh, I'm perfectly ravishing! That's what Dad says, anyhow. A funny little hat, a new gamin hair-do, your service badge on the duckiest dress that swirls—just the way you like it. My last pair of silk stockings, and the little white shoes with baby Cuban heels. Navy-blue heels, darling!"

"How you go on!" he reprimanded, somehow managing to keep his voice bright. "Still, it's nice to get the latest picture of my little ravisher. I have that to remember you by, at any rate."

"But how are you, Hugh?" she asked hurriedly. "Can't you tell me anything? When are you—?"



"Darling! Where are you? What are you doing?" Vane asked delightedly.



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Disdain. There it was all right. She looked at me as though I were dirt.

I'll marry the GENERAL'S DAUGHTER

I KNOW. Your father told you the same thing. He said, "Son, if you want to get ahead in this world, marry the boss' daughter." Mine told me that, too.

Well, I'm in the Army, so I can't very well marry the boss' daughter. But I can marry the general's daughter, which is the next best thing.

The first time I saw her I wasn't exactly at my best. You see, one day I happened to tell a sergeant I thought he was so dumb he wouldn't even understand Aesop's Fables. I also happened to take a swing at him—but I missed. For that I was put in the guardhouse.

Anyway, this day they had all the prisoners outside on the road by the officers' barracks, myself included. The Army likes to call it "beautifying the area," but all we were doing was raking fertiliser into what the Army hopes will be grass by the time the war's over.

So there I was, Jerry Kelley, one-time president of the Downtown Boys' Social Club, raking sweet essence of fertiliser on the road by the morning, with the sun bright on the green grass and on my natty blue denims and hat. I was thinking hard about nothing, happy at my work, satisfied with the world in general—then I looked up.

There, looking like Lady Godiva—but with clothes on—was a terrific blonde on a big horse.

I looked at her and heard music. I heard Crosby singing I Surrender, Dear; I heard chapel bells and sleigh bells. I upended my rake and leaned on it, gazing at her.

As I looked up, she looked down, and my eyes finally got past the blonde hair, the deep blue eyes, the tilted nose, and focused on the expression in her face. Disdain. There it was all right. She looked at me as though I were dirt—or fertiliser.

That was too much to take, even for a G. I. jailbird. I glared at her and wrinkled my nose. You know, kid stuff. Then she was gone, her back and the horse's rear end moving proudly down the road.

From that moment on my life was changed.

The rest of the morning my ears burned, and it wasn't the sun that was burning them.

That afternoon I talked with one of the older prisoners, a guy who had been in the guardhouse so long he received his mail there. I slid alongside him and asked who the girl was, the one on the horse.

He looked at me kind of foggy. "You don't know who that is?"

"No, I don't," I said. "That's why I'm asking you."

"Well," he said, "you can forget about her right now. That, my boy, was the general's daughter."

But I didn't forget about her—

I didn't sleep much that night. I lay on my bed with my eyes open and gave my brain a workout. I had a problem: If the enemy doesn't come to you, what do you do? Now, I wasn't any MacArthur, but I knew the answer to that. Simple: you go to meet the enemy. And when the enemy's a blonde bundle of loveliness you don't want to fire until you see the blue of her eyes.

I said to myself, Kelley, if you're going to do something about this general's daughter, you had better get yourself out of the guardhouse.

The next day I didn't know myself. I didn't go on Sick Call in the morning. I didn't hide my rake, and I didn't even tell the sergeant what I thought of him.

No more silly games for me. No more short-shooting sergeants' beds. No more putting ground glass and manure in them. No more tying knots in their clothes. I had had my fling.

I had a one-track mind, and at the other end of the line was the general's daughter, Miss—I didn't even know her name.

In two more days they opened the gates for me. I took a long look at that guardhouse. I thought, Kelley, say good-bye to the guardhouse. From now on it's the straight and narrow for you.

I cultivated a new friend, the battery clerk, sometimes referred to as the C. P.—the command post—with the battery jerk. He worked up at the bigwigs. He was Brains. He was Intellect.

His name was Booker, and Booker thought I was screwy. But I didn't mind. He told me what I wanted to know.

I said, "Booker, old boy, you hobnob with these officers. What do they do with themselves at night?"

It took a little while, but I squeezed it out of him: Every Tuesday night the officers attended a school on military tactics—and the highest-ranking officer there was the general.

That was all I wanted to know. Came the following Tuesday night and my offensive began. I was going right into the enemy's camp.

I got a haircut. I shaved so close my blood ran cold. I slicked down my hair. I polished my buttons and shined my shoes. I took a bus into the main part of the post. I shouldn't have any trouble finding the general's house.

I didn't. There was a small sign by the curb: Brig.-Gen. James J. McCarthy. I thought, McCarthy, Mm. One of the boys. I felt big walking up the path to the front door.

But when I got to the front door something happened inside me. I was scared. Jerry Kelley, one-time

either, I'll just read a magazine. Thank you."

The maid gave up. I walked around the living-room. I was thinking: Now "Miss Ann" means either an old maid aunt or the blonde. I spied a piano—I'd find out.

The seat of my pants slid along the piano seat. The keys jumped up and touched my finger-tips. Those keys were smiling at Kelley.

I began with "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Lightly. I went from "Smoke" to "Night and Day." I was doing justice to "Body and Soul" when all at once I felt that somebody was in the room, listening. I turned hot and cold. My fingers became blackjacks. I missed a note and stopped playing.

"Don't stop," a voice behind me said.

The back of my neck and ears turned red. Something went flip-flop, flip-flop inside me.

"Please keep on playing," the voice said. "That's beautiful."

I slid around on the seat.

The blonde, minus her horse.

Miss Ann, Miss Ann. She smiled. The room turned upside down.

Run, Kelley, run.

But Kelley didn't run. He spoke: "I was just planning the play—I mean, I was playing the piano."

She was still smiling. She was amused. "I don't understand," she said. "Did you come to see father?"

"Yup." That was all Kelley said.

"Father's out to-night. He's attending a school on military tactics. Can I help you? I'm Ann McCarthy."

"Oh. Uh—I'm Jerry Kelley—Private Jerry Kelley." I told her why I was there. I hoped it sounded good. "I—uh—stopped in to have a little chat with your old—ah—your father," I told her.

"You see, I figured, what with all the big shots he talks with, he'd welcome the chance to talk over this army situation with a buck private. You know, the other side of the picture."

"I see," Ann said. But I could tell she didn't see. "What outfit are you in?" she said. She was being nice now, humoring me.

"The field artillery"—then I remembered she liked horses—"the horse-drawn field artillery."

Her face changed. Now she was interested. "You are?" she said, and her eyes twinkled. A lovely baby. A double sundae with whipped cream. "I think horses are wonderful, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," I told a story, "yes, indeed."

"Do you ride?" "Oh, every day." Watch it, Kelley. You were never on top of a horse in your life.

So we sat there and talked about horses; I mean, she talked—I didn't know a horse from a mule. We finished with horses and I played the piano for her. She liked it. But I began to squirm. I kept thinking: When's that school over? The general will be blowing in here any minute now, and if he catches you here, Kelley, you'll be saying hello to that guardhouse again.

When I was leaving Ann came to the door with me. The moon put a spotlight on her face and I was covered with goose bumps.

Every Tuesday, the general's night off, I visited Ann. I played "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" thirty-eight times. Beautiful Ann made fudge; I ate it. We played records; we danced; we listened to the radio.

Life was one blue hazy pipe dream. Then the Other Guy entered the picture. He wore a bar on each shoulder. One gold bar. Second lieutenant. He was one of the Chosen Few. I met him on one of those terrific Tuesday nights. He was there when I arrived.

Beautiful Ann said, "Jerry, I want you to meet Lieutenant Carmichael." (I could see he didn't like that; she should have introduced me to him.) He was bigger than a baby tank, had a Harvard accent, and looked like a fugitive from the Chicago Bears.

"Lieutenant Carmichael is an old friend of the family," Ann said. "He's on father's staff."

Kelley was frowning. "How nice," Kelley was saying.

Beautiful Ann was still talking; "Lieutenant Carmichael's been explaining the war to me."

"How nice." Very weak this time.

Then the Baby Tank began to rumble. He analysed the war. He sounded like a newsreel—sees all, knows all. He knew where everywhere was—Dakar, Trinidad, the Solomon Islands, Port Moresby, the Dardanelles. I was dizzy.

Please turn to page 4

By JORDAN BARLOW

president of the Downtown Boys' Social Club, was scared. From somewhere a voice whispered, Guys get court-martialled for less than this.

My hand reached up and pressed the doorbell button. I don't know how. I had nothing to do with it.

The door opened. A maid stood there. "Yes?"

"Is General McCarthy at home?" someone's voice said. It wasn't mine.

"No, the gen—"

"That's all right. I'll wait." It was Kelley's voice this time. Good old Kelley!

I stepped inside.

The maid gaped. "But—"

"Thank you. I'll wait in the living-room." Kelley was talking.

"But—"

"Is anyone else at home?"

"Only Miss Ann. But I don't think—"

"No, I don't think she'd mind

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STILL more, he

knew what MacArthur was going to do next, or, at least, what he ought to do; what the Japs were going to do, the Germans, the British, the Americans, the Russians, the Dodgers, the Pirates—everybody.

Kelley whispered, "If they'd only send him over there to run the war, they could leave us home; they wouldn't need us."

I looked over at Ann; thud, something dropped inside me. All of her attention was focused on him—and I didn't like the look in her eyes. I sank lower in my chair.

I twiddled my thumbs. Clockwise. Counter-clockwise. I thought of the first names of ten Presidents of the United States. I tried to remember the batteries of the first game of last year's World Series. I—I couldn't stand it any longer. I stood up.

I turned on the radio. I asked Beautiful Ann to dance. We danced, but something was missing. No electrical sparks.

I put on a record. She wasn't even listening.

That's your swan song, Kelley. That's your cue to fade.

I went over to the Tank. "Well, nice meeting you, lieutenant. Just remembered I left the window open by my bed. Good-night."

He smiled at me—the shavetail. Here's your hat, Kelley. There's the door.

Beautiful Ann walked to the door with me. I looked up at the moon. No spotlight? He shook his head sadly. Inside me somebody was using my heart for a football. The goose bumps had changed to heartaches.

Beautiful Ann said, "Thanks for stopping in."

I said, "Yeah."

The next day I caught it. The riot act was read to me, but read. I was coming from breakfast when the first sergeant collared me. "Kelley," he said, "you're wanted in the captain's office right away."

I quaked; I shivered; I did a rhumba inside my shoes. I knew what he wanted to see me about.

You see, in the Army it's a sacrifice for a private like myself to have

I'll Marry the General's Daughter

Continued from page 3

anything to do with an officer's daughter.

A commissioned officer, all right, fine; but a rank and file, definitely no. There are guys in the guard-house to-day for just that. And when it's the general's daughter . . .

The captain was in his office, behind his desk. He looked as though he had been fed burnt toast for breakfast. I walked in and almost knocked myself out saluting him. He returned the salute and opened fire on me. He did everything but throw the book of regulations at me.

Later, when I came outside, I was weak. He gave it to me short and sweet: One more visit to Ann's house and it wouldn't only be the guard-house for me, but a court-martial to boot.

Someone had told him, and I didn't need a map to know that he'll name.

I went into the barracks. I reached for my duffel bag and took out my blue denim and floppy hat. Gently, very gently, I hung them up. I might need them again.

I sat down on my bed. A radio on and some guy was singing, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

Well, at least I knew no one was kissing her at that hour of the morning. . . .

The next night it happened. At nine o'clock an order came through notifying us that we had seventy-two hours before leaving for a port of embarkation. Our captain came down to the barracks to tell us that a farewell dance would be given for the regiment on our last night. Everybody was inviolate.

I almost knocked the captain over getting to the door. I streaked up the road in the dark to the C.P. and a telephone. Seventy-two hours. Court-martial or no court-martial, I was going to see Beautiful Ann.

But I was too late. The Baby Tank had already asked her to go to the dance with him. She was awfully sorry, and she'd see me there, etc.

I hung up. On my way out I passed Booker, who was working late, huddled over a desk. I didn't say a word to Booker. I walked down the road. I was all hollow inside. Kelley, look down that lonesome road. . . .

The beam from a flashlight hit me. "Halt! Who's there?" It was a guard.

"Beautiful Ann—uh—Private Kelley."

"Advance to be recognised."

I advanced.

"Pass, Private Kelley."

But I didn't pass. In a flash, like a flash, it almost knocked me over. That guard had given me a wonderful idea.

I thought of poor old Booker working up there late at the C.P. I headed for the C.P. fast.

Booker was busy, as usual. I found him typing the O.D. roster. It was perfect.

The O.D. roster is one of those Army things. It's the week's schedule of the officer for the day, a different officer for each day—and night. Usually it's made up a week in advance; but since we were moving out on short notice some changes had to be made in it: the married officers had to be taken off the roster so

they could arrange to send their families home.

The officer of the day has charge of the guards, and at night has to make his rounds to see that the men are at their posts. For that one night he's kept pretty busy—too busy, for instance, to go to a dance.

So I helped Booker type the O.D. roster, and this time, walking down the road, I felt better. Kelley, I said, you're right on the beam. . . .

The night of the dance I called Beautiful Ann on the telephone.

She was in the deep purple. It seems she wasn't going to the dance.

"You're not?" I said. "That's too bad. Sick?"

"No," she said. "But Lieutenant Carmichael is officer of the day and can't go. He can't understand it. It wasn't his turn. A new roster came out, and his O.D. was changed to to-day."

"That's a shame," I said. "Too bad."

Pause.

"Ann?"

"You're going to the dance. Did you know that?"

"I don't understand."

"You're going to the dance with the best dancer in the Army—you're going with Kelley. I'll be around at eight."

When we got to the dance the band was playing "I'm in the Mood for Love"—and I was.

We danced. I was in another world, up in the clouds, shaking the stars. Then she mentioned her father, and I came back to this world in a hurry.

"Father wants to meet you," she said.

"I'll take Joe Louis," I said. "He only hits you once."

"No, he really does. He and I straightened it all out to-night. He's all for you."

"Yeah. Me and the Japs."

"No, no. He doesn't care if you're not an officer, just as long as you're in the Army and I'm happy."

"But what about Information Please?"

"Who?"

"That Carmichael guy. I thought—"

"You thought wrong, darling. I'm sorry about him, but I had to be nice to him. His father's a general in Washington, and it meant a lot to my dad."

We stopped dancing. We stood in the middle of the floor. The band was still playing, but I didn't hear it. There was a band playing in my heart, an all-star band.

My voice was husky. "Did I hear right? Did I hear you say 'darling'?"

"Yes, you did, darling."

I looked around. The music had stopped. Everyone on the floor was crowded around us.

"Ann," I said, "we're blocking traffic."

The music started again. I saw a big palm in a pot standing on the floor over in a corner.

"Let's do a flank movement," I said. We danced and steered toward the corner.

When, much later, I finally came down out of the clouds, the first person I saw was the general.

He was looking at us. The stars on his shoulders glittered in the light. I didn't look to see if anything glittered in his eyes. The barracks were about a hundred yards away. I wondered if I could do a hundred in ten flat.

Ann saw him, too. She grabbed my arm. "There's father. Come over and meet him."

"I just remembered we're having bed check to-night. I—"

But she didn't hear me. She was dragging my arm, and I was following it.

Ann was talking: "Dad, this is Private Kelley."

I was swallowing hard. The general was smiling. He put out his hand.

"I've heard a lot about you, Kelley."

"Ye-essir."

"Enjoying yourself to-night, Kelley?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Ah, have you been eating a hamburger?"

"Uh—no, sir."

"Well, you'd better wipe that catsup off your lip, Kelley," the general said and winked at me.

The general winked at Kelley!

Early the next morning our outfit moved out in a truck convoy. It was some sight. The band was playing, the boys were waving, I was waving, and Beautiful Ann was waving. There was a tear in her eye.

That tear was for Kelley.

So, you see, I'll marry the general's daughter. She'll wait. She's going to darn socks for the Red Cross to keep in practice. No more horseback riding for her. She promised. I don't want her to pass that road by the officers' barracks again—some other guy named Kelley might be there.

I know one thing: She won't marry any second lieutenant. Still, she might. A lot of things can happen in . . . (censored).

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RICHARD HUDNUT: LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY

WOMAN OF THE WORLD

By DUDLEY HOYS

THE change from Paradise to panic was so abrupt that Rex Newton found himself almost stupefied. That morning taking a pre-breakfast stroll with Carol he had been impressed anew by her youthful beauty and detachment from the worldly things of life, and by his own good fortune.

After a spell in Mexico he had come home and reported at the head office of the Eastern Oil Company. There he had been introduced to an elderly official named Hill, also on leave. As they emerged from the main building, Mr. Hill had said:

"Ah, there's my daughter waiting for me. Carol, let me introduce you."

Three months ago. This last month as a guest of theirs at the furnished house they had taken by the sea.

He heard her voice saying: "When you've finished dreaming we'll go back to breakfast."

"Only sixteen more breakfasts with you," he replied.

At that they were quiet. It was no use going over the old arguments. Mr. Hill had put it reasonably enough.

"Wait a year, Rex. I don't know where I shall be sent next time, but wherever it is, Carol's promised to come with me. You must spare me a year of her."

"Besides," he'd continued, "there's a chance we may both be sent out to the same place. I'm pulling a few strings."

A hope like that was something to be held on to with both hands.

Thus the post each morning was developing an agonising significance. Any letters bearing the company's crest meant moments of ordeal.

"Race you back," said Carol, and swung herself up on to the promenade. Rex rushed after her. As they walked, laughing and panting, into the hall, her father came forward. His brows gave a smiling lift, and he held up two letters. One was addressed to himself, one to Rex. Both were from the company.

Rex turned the letter over, all the while looking at her.

"Take the plunge," said old Mr. Hill, as he ripped open his own letter, read it, and announced: "To be local manager at Jirkuk. Come on, Rex, what's yours?"

Rex had opened his letter. He was staring at it like a blind man. Too excited to notice anything, Carol craned over his shoulder, read aloud: "To be assistant local manager at Jirkuk." gave one exultant squeal, and waltzed him round the hall.

Her father clapped him on the shoulder.

"This is great!"

"Great?" cried Carol. "That's not the word. It's gorgeous!"

So far Rex said not a word. He twisted his mouth into a grin, and by a desperate effort managed a show of mute delight.

"The shock's too much for him," said the beaming Mr. Hill. "I smell bacon. Breakfast first, rhapsodies afterwards."

"I—I just—" Rex stopped.

"What a boy you are," said Carol, nearly weeping with the joy of it. "You've been to Jirkuk. Tell us what it's like."

In a remote way he heard himself speaking, describing the small town near the Persian foothills, but his inner self was cowering beneath disaster.

Why in the name of all that was fatal must it be Jirkuk? Everything connected with the place he had put behind him as dead forever.

He felt that some evil force had selected this one spot among the whole universe and had said sardonically: "Do something about this—if you can."

There was nothing to be done about it. He might refuse to go, resign. But what reason could he give to Carol? Could he say:

"There's a woman doctor there, Inez O'Brien. I expect she's there still. I was wildly in love with her. When I left we were more or less

engaged. She's as experienced as you are not."

He could see Inez, with a sharp-edged clearness. No man ever really forgot a woman of the Inez type. Always he had been a little afraid of her. If she met Carol—

He glanced at Carol. Radiant, and totally unsuspecting, she was listening to his talk of Jirkuk. No Carol hadn't guessed anything. Love must have made him a shamefully good actor.

He couldn't go on like this describing the place to Carol and her father. He had to have a quiet space to himself, and went off alone for a walk after breakfast in order to think clearly.

There was one solitary chance. Inez might have left Jirkuk by now. But, he said to himself doggedly, "Suppose she's still there? Well?"

There conjecture stopped. All he could do would be to start mentioning her to Carol in a casual fashion. That might help a little. The rest lay with Inez.

He went back to the house, changed into a bathing costume, and joined Carol and her father on the beach. It was easy enough to slide in a remark about Inez, for Jirkuk was the one vital topic.

Carol's eyes widened.

"A woman doctor! What is she doing there?"

REX hesitated an instant, then went on, choosing his words carefully: "The Khan's quite Europeanised. His five daughters were all at school over here and the eldest happened to be in the same form with Inez O'Brien. After she'd qualified apparently they asked her over there for a holiday. Then the Khan thought it would be a sound idea to have a woman doctor to keep an eye on the women and children. So she stayed on."

"What's she like?"

He gave a guarded description. "Sounds interesting. How old is she?"

"About thirty-four."

"Oh, as old as that!" she said, and her father chuckled. "What a queer name. Isn't Inez Spanish?"

"Her mother was. Her father came from Dublin."

Mr. Hill whistled.

"A mixture like that ought to make a siren. Is she?"

"I suppose some people would call her attractive," said Rex.

"I'll bet all the men there trailed after her—including yourself," said Carol, and she was so gaily untroubled he could have groaned.

"As the only woman there, my dear—"

"You just wait till I get out." She gave the unrestrained laugh of the young, jumped up, kissed the top of his head, and said: "Come on. Let's swim."

In his adoration of her he found himself making more and more of that one chance. The hot seasons at Jirkuk were pretty fierce. Surely Inez would have tired of them by now. Surely, it was reasonable to expect she had left?

Through the following weeks Rex clung to this belief. The time for embarkation came. The voyage itself had the idyllic foretaste of a honeymoon.

At Abadan they transferred into a river boat, which, on a shimmering late afternoon, nosed into the small landing-stage on the right bank.

Half a dozen company men had come down to welcome the new manager. Behind them were Kurdish laborers waiting to unload.

Rex's eyes scanned that mixed group. A breath of vast relief was already in his throat when he glanced farther along. But there in the cool shadow by a storage shed stood a slender white figure, paravos carried at a careless angle. Inez was smiling at him, and from that smile he knew she had every intention of remembering the past.

"Of course, you haven't told her," Inez said to Rex, as they walked together along the beach in the fading



afternoon. She considered him with a lazy amusement that hid so much beneath.

"Why should I?"

"Why shouldn't you, my ex-adorer?"

He remained stubbornly silent.

Inez said:

"I like her. A charming child. She must make you feel a hundred."

"If she were five years older—"

Inez laughed. "If she were five years older she would have guessed everything. It doesn't take a woman a week to find out these things."

His jaw hardened.

"Carol will never find out—unless you tell her."

"Or you."

THEY watched each other, Rex with an impression of being held in an impalpable web.

"Think I've altered?" she asked suddenly.

"Not in the least."

"Thank you." She patted the back of his hand. In the half-light her lips were an ironic curve.

He forced himself to be brusque. "Look here, this has got to be settled. It can't go on indefinitely."

"Then why not tell her?"

"Because Carol's not ordinary. She's—"

"But hasn't she a right to know? Don't you want to be fair to her?"

"You're a fiend," he said huskily.

"She doesn't think so. She likes me. If one of these fairy-tale jinns

waved a magic wand and Carol vanished you'd soon be wildly in love with me again. Now, wouldn't you?"

"Inez!" he implored her. "Please—can't you be generous?"

"That depends. It is hard to be generous without sacrifice. It's curious how men expect women to do all the suffering. I'll make a promise. You can marry your Carol on one condition. Tell her first."

"But I can't!" he burst out. "Don't you understand?"

"Calf love has battles to fight. If she can get over this she really cares. If she can't, won't that prove you're both lucky to escape making a mistake?"

"I'm sorry to put it this way," he said grimly, "but you're enjoying yourself, like a cat with a mouse. I don't believe you were ever in love with me."

"That's always a puzzle." She stood facing him. "Tell her. You can take your time. I'll give you a month."

By the end of a fortnight he felt like a haunted man. Inevitably, in the limited life of Jirkuk, he encountered Inez daily. That veiled smile of hers was always there to remind him.

Occasionally he caught her glancing at Carol in a way that gave him a vague dread. Once he even taxed her with it.

"Conscience, dear man, is making you neurotic."

"If you had the chance I think you'd be merciless with Carol!"

She pretended to sigh. "Rank ingratitude. Haven't I a sort of chance already? What am I doing—being the opposite to merciless?"

"I suppose you call it kindness forcing me to tell her what may make her utterly miserable?"

"We have to be cruel to be kind. For Carol's sake I want to make an honest man of you. You have another fortnight."

Inez was wrong. Out of the hot, blue sky the unexpected came with the swiftness of a thunderbolt. One afternoon Carol turned suddenly pale and the moisture of pain beaded her forehead.

"What's the matter, darling?" asked Rex, anxiously.

"Oh, it's nothing," she said, though her smile belied the words. "A touch of the climate, I expect. I'll lie down for a bit."

In the evening she seemed perfectly well and, with his mind at rest, her father made preparations for leaving on a trip to Basra next day. He had been summoned to an official conference and expected to be there about a week. While he was away Rex would be in charge of the company's affairs.

"If Carol vanished you'd soon be wildly in love with me again," said Inez.

Please turn to page 20

**GOSH IT'S TOM -
LET'S PRETEND WE'RE OUT!**

IF YOU DON'T WANT THE "B.O."
(BRUSH OFF)

DON'T RISK "B.O." (BODY ODOUR)

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IT STOPS "B.O."**



A LEVER PRODUCT

W.82.1

Aunt Polly says ...

Some say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. But I claim most men's eyes are a lot bigger 'n their stomachs.

You can give folks some idea 'bout how extry good Rinso is by tellin' 'em its suds are that much richer and thicker. But they'll never know how really special it is till they see for themselves a dazolin' sweet-smellin' Rinso wash blowing in the breeze.

The minister made a right smart remark the other night.

Said that lots o' folks nowa-days were travellin' along the right road but in the wrong direction.

Ned's so worn out doin' exercises to keep young he has to let his old father mow the lawn.

When I went to stay with Cousin Martha I played safe and slipped a packet o' Rinso in my bag. "Polly," she scolded, "don't think you're the only one who knows how good Rinso is for keepin' silks and colours new-looking!"



**Rinso's richer, thicker suds
make the whole wash sparkle**



A LEVER PRODUCT

Z 109.1

FOR a moment, stricken silence reigned amid the wreckage in the radio shack. Rick was scowling heavily at the floor, unconscious even of Jennifer Peckham's eyes fastened anxiously on him. Charlie drew mournfully at a cigarette.

Finally Mex Vane moved. "I'm going to have a look for that Nazi rat Steig; that's done this," he said. "Leave it to the police," Rick said. "I need you."

"You don't need nothing but a scrap salvage truck," the big foreman replied. "So long, Martin. Sorry you played in hard luck. I'm going to find him." He strode off, big and terrible, and as he went he took the forty-five pistol from his hip holster and carefully cocked the gun.

Rick, stirred, turned. He met Ruth Wycoff's sensible eyes across the room. "Galahad," she said, "you don't look liked."

"Thanks, Ruth," he said. "You've been more than a mother to me."

Jennifer Peckham said, "I'm sorry, Rick. That doesn't mean much to you now. But I am sorry. About this. About—everything else."

Rick said, "You're sorry too soon."

Charlie looked at him sourly. "Does your little brain have to be fried in butter before you learn to read 'Fins' at the end of a reel? I'm not a radio engineer, but I know what I know. There isn't enough junk in one piece left around here for even a clever 'ham' radio operator to put together—and amateurs can put together anything."

"Hams!" Rick said. "That's it! The hams! The amateur operators!"

"Cut it down to thirty-five miles an hour," Charlie droned. "The hams are off the air. They have been off the air since December seventh. They will be off the air until a German band plays Beechoven's Funeral March over the Führer's upturned moustache. Oh, happy day!"

Rick said, "But they have gear!" "It's been impounded," Jennifer said, raising her chastened face to him. "The Army impounded all amateur transmitters back in July, and stored them in an Army warehouse in San Juan."

Rick said, "I don't give a hoot and a holler where the stuff is, just so it's in Puerto Rico! Those 806 tubes used to be very popular with the ham operators in the days before Pearl Harbor became a target. There must be two 806's in all the gear which the Army impounded!"

"We've got the amateur callbook," Jennifer said. "It lists all the K4 Puerto Rican amateurs as of December seventh. It's down there at the airport, in my room."

"Now," Rick snapped, "we are cooking with charcoal. Jennie, you and Ruth take your car and get back to the drome. You get that callbook and start going through it, man by man. Call every amateur in the K4 area until you find one who has 806 tubes in that Army warehouse. If you do find the tubes—you've got to get a release from the ham even if you have to drive across the whole island. Have those releases ready for me. Never mind what time of night you do your calling, hams are used to emergencies, and used to being up late."

To-morrow morning have those releases signed and ready for me. I'll take them to San Juan to unfreeze those particular tubes from the Army impounding order. Now blow, you lovely creatures, and don't let me down."

Ruth Wycoff rose at once, and as Jennifer began to pose a question Ruth said, "Skip the quiz programme, darling. The man has an answer for anything within reason. We'll see what we can scare up."

"Okay," Rick said. "But fast." "You haven't any antennas," Jennifer said. "Rick, you can't possibly erect towers again. How can you go on the air on time without an antenna?"

"How can I marry without a wife, as they said of little Tommy Tucker?" Rick said grimly. "But that doesn't mean I couldn't build a fire under a career gal with blond hair who is so efficient she forgets she is a beautiful woman."

"Love in a tempest," Charlie observed. "I've seen everything."

Jennifer looked at Rick with a faint half-smile playing across her lips. Her eyes were very soft. She turned and went out to the car.

BEAM to BRAZIL

By...
RICHARD SALE

In another moment she and Ruth Wycoff had started away.

Charlie stretched. He looked sad and sceptical. "Okay, my hero, my chocolate soldier," he said. "Everything is moonlight and roses, everything is hunky-dory. Only, just how the heck do you expect to put a signal on the air without an antenna? Don't look at me with that fishy stare. If you think I'm the sort of genius who could erect three six-ton towers overnight, you are stark, staring simple."

"Stop being so half-witty," Rick said, "and listen. What do the hams use when they have to put up an antenna?"

"Trees, I suppose," Charlie said. "Trees," Rick repeated. "And what have we got on the bluff here? A batch of the straightest toughest trees I ever saw. You're going out to-night to line me up three trees on the same bearings as we had the towers. I'm going down to Ponce for help. We can jury-rig a directional antenna until the new towers are erected. It won't be anything super, it'll be more on the haywire side. But it will work."

"You're crazy," Charlie said. "Those trees go up a hundred feet or more and are ten feet in diameter across the base. Have you ever climbed anything like that?"

"Never too late to learn," Rick said. "Get going."

HE strode out and climbed into the flivver, started her, and went down the hill. He drove warily through the blackout until he reached the Casa Cadiz. He strode into the lobby, found a phone book, and looked up the local power company. It was late for calling, but he called anyhow: "I want to speak with the head man," he said.

"Mr. Blaney isn't at the office at this time of night," the operator said. "You can reach him to-morrow at nine."

He hung up, found Blaney in the phone book, and called that number. A weary, sleepy voice barked, "Hello!"

"This is Rick Martin," Rick said. "A crazy time to call, Blaney, but the matter is urgent. I'm a Trans-American engineer in charge of the Pompano Point station. You may have heard of the project."

"Yes, I have, but how does it concern me?"

"Blaney, to-night the station was sabotaged. My three towers were dynamited. This is a job for the Army Air Transport Command. The station has to be in operation by to-morrow midnight. I'm going to try and jury-rig antennas from the giant trees on Pompano. And I want help from you."

"What kind of help, Martin?"

"I want some riggers and linemen to climb those trees and help make the antenna connections. I want as many as you can send and as soon as you can send them."

"Mike Harrington," Blaney said. "Are you one of Mike's boys?"

"Yes. You know him?"

"I knew that guy when he was building his first crystal set," Blaney chuckled. "I'd like to help, Martin, but I can't promise anything. Most of my linemen are up at San Juan and I couldn't possibly get them down before to-morrow."

"That might be time enough. It would be touch and go. I can't impress you enough with the urgency of having the station in operation. It's really life and death. And it's military. I can't say any more, but I'd like to."

"What can I lose?" Blaney said. "I'll play with you, Martin. I can't get them to-night. But I'll get in touch with San Juan and have them send you down every rigger they can spare first thing to-morrow morning."

"Blaney, you're a white man. I'm counting on you."

Rick left the hotel and drove over to the T.A.A. airport. He found Jennifer Peckham and Ruth Wycoff frantically telephoning amateur operators as they were listed in the callbook.

"Any luck?"

"No," Jennifer said. "We haven't found a high-power ham yet. I'm worried, Rick."

"That white in my hair," he said, "isn't snow . . . I want linemen's spikes, and a lot of rope. Issue them to me, angel-eyes."

She got him the spikes and the rope, and he piled them into the car. She breathed, "Please be careful!"

He nodded, his face set. "Scare up those tubes for me," he said. "I'd hate to have to climb trees like those on Pompano and then not have tubes to percolate when the job was done." He drove off.

When he returned to Pompano he found Mex Vane assisting Charlie. Vane's face was cold and hard. Rick asked, "Did you find him?"

"I'd look happier," Mex Vane said briefly. "I got that body up."

Charlie was sweating and he looked dirty. "Other than the fact that we have to use a ten-cell flashlight to see what we're doing and where we are aiming, everything is mildly okay. I've got the point of your yee in this big baby. I've got another tree across the plateau beyond the shack which fits the right leg fine. But there's no left leg, except that far son of a sapling way back there." He flashed the light on it.

"Never mind length," Rick said. "I can take care of that."

"Then these three line up," Charlie said. "And that concluded this

Our brilliant serial ends in a grand climax of excitement and romance.



"Take care!" Jennifer screamed, as Rick lunged forward at Steig.

evening's performance. Nothing else I can do. They've been standing for years, so I don't imagine you want them supported."

"That's all, then," Rick said. "You can hit the hay, sweetheart. I've got some climbing to do."

"You're going up there in the black?" Mex Vane said.

"Yep."

"You're crazy," said Charlie.

"Wait till dawn."

"At dawn I've got riggers coming," Rick said. "They can hang up my skywire. I'm going to get the base insulators attached." He had donned the lineman's spikes, and had swung a knapsack with tools and insulators over his shoulder. With the heavy rope, he made a loop around the base of the tree. Then, with an electric torch hanging in his belt, he started up.

It wasn't the first time he had ever used the spikes, but he had never climbed anything as fat and big as that tree. He dug in with the spikes, then raised the rope loop higher to support him, and kept on

ing this. On an ordinary pole the pressure on the legs was not bad, because he could spike in on either side of the pole, but on this tree, which presented a surface so broad that you could never flank either side, he had to dig in with his ankles flat to the bark, and the ankle pressure was agony.

By the time he had finished with the third tree he was very tired. He was so tired that he slipped once, and dangled, hanging by the rope loop. But he dug his spikes in again for firm footing. Charlie was a nervous wreck; even the imperturbable Max Vane seemed disturbed. As for himself, Rick was done, and he knew it. He had to rest. His strength was gone. And a big day still lay ahead.

When he awakened on the cot in the radio shack it was broad daylight, and Charlie was shaking him.

"Roll out, you production genius," Charlie said.

Rick jumped to his feet. "What time is it?"

"After nine a.m.," Charlie said. "I had to let you hit the pillow, droopy; you were a gone guy. But now we need instruction. A lot of guys have arrived from San Juan with steel in their eyes and spikes on their heels, and they want to know the angle. Also, we've got an armed guard from the U.S. Army thrown all around the place."

"The riggers!" Rick exclaimed. "Bless Blaney!" He started for the door.

"Better put some pants on," Charlie observed.

Rick grinned, unashamed. "I'm so hot up I don't know whether I'm coming or going. I think we're going to beat the dead line. If only she got those bottles—"

"Bottles?" Charlie said, puzzled. "Oh, tubes, you mean. I don't know. Mex had to go down to the airport for something, and she told him she'd be back herself later. She didn't say anything about bottles."

When Rick finished dressing he went out and found the riggers from the power company that Blaney had sent to him. "I'm the foreman of this gang," one said. "Name is Hannigan. The chief said you were in a jam. We just rolled down from San Juan."

"This is an Army job," Rick said. "It's got to finish to-day. As for the jam, you can see most of it."

Hannigan smiled faintly. "Somebody kind of minced up your high-tension towers."

"Radio towers," Rick corrected. "But just about the same as the kind of stuff you work. Well, Hannigan, I climbed some trees myself last night to set in the insulators. All I'd like your men to do is tie to my hard-drawn copper wire from that base tree out to each one of those which form vee legs. Concentric cable to be soldered to the skywire at the base tree and to lead-in to this radio shack."

"Hey," said Hannigan, looking at the trees. "That's a pipe, Martin. We'll swing that for you."

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Families the Forestry Unit left behind them



MRS. FRANCIS BURDETT, wife of Corporal Francis Burdett, of A.I.F. Forestry Unit, with their baby. Corporal Burdett is from Millicent, S.A.



MRS. E. W. EBELING, wife of Sapper Ebeling, of Bangalow, N.S.W. They have a five-month-old baby daughter.



SAPPER A. R. TAPP, of Smithfield, N.S.W., with his bride, who was Miss Maisie Potts, a Scottish nurse. They met in June, 1942, were engaged in October, and married in January, 1943.



MAJOR JACK THOMAS, of The Meadows, S.A., and his Scottish wife, formerly Sister Jessie Kerr Johnson. At right is a snapshot of their baby daughter, Joan.



English and Scottish wives will follow A.I.F. home after the war

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

I've just returned from a round of visits to Australian homes in Britain—the homes of those members of the A.I.F. Forestry Unit who married English and Scottish girls during their three years' stay. The unit is now on its way back to Australia and my visit was paid just before the boys left.

In front of bright fires and shining hearths I met the girls who'll follow the boys to Australia. And I met the bonny babies of these Australian fathers and British mothers, sturdy, happy youngsters who, after the years, will stand as a symbol of the unity of the British Empire.

WHEN Gippsland came to Northumberland and Darling Downs to Dumfries, warm-hearted English and Scottish folk welcomed the sons of the Commonwealth.

In three years the Australians won the hearts of their hosts and the heads of their daughters, and so they have now left behind a colony of wives and children.

First let me introduce Beadnell Jim. You'll be meeting him as soon as the war is over.

He's the fourteen-months-old son of Sergeant Stewart McLennan, who comes from Liverpool, though he enlisted at Pinnacles, Queensland.

Beadnell is called after the tiny Northumberland village close to where the boys had their first Forestry camp. For a break in the boredom of camp life, McLennan went to dances arranged by the villagers, and so met Margaret Kirton in the Paul Jones.

From that night, everyone knew McLennan was making for Beadnell on his night off, and he was nicknamed Beadnell Jim.

Country girl

WHEN he married Margaret at Beadnell and later a son arrived, they called him Beadnell Jim, too.

"Young Bead's a real little Aussie," his father said with pride, as he lifted his chubby son.

Margaret McLennan is typical of the girls the Forestry boys have married. She's a nice-looking, fresh-complexioned, quietly-spoken country girl, with adoration for her big

Australian husband shining from the depths of her blue eyes.

At this time, the thought of separation loomed heavily over the little family, but Margaret was brave and cheerful. "We've been very lucky really in the midst of war to meet and find such happiness in each other," she said.

Margaret plied me with questions about Australia.

She was the first to ask the question I was to hear again and again during my visit—"What do the women in Australia wear?"

She summed up the feeling of most brides when she said: "We don't want to go out looking like back numbers, but we don't want to doll ourselves up as though trying to put it over everyone."

It seemed to me this crystallised the attitude of the newlyweds towards their new life—their desire to fit into the pattern of Australian life.

Across the cobbled village street I met Beadnell Jim's playmate, sixteen-months-old David, who showed his newly cut teeth in the friendliest smile.

The son of Sapper Ron Schache, of Brisbane, David was the first boy



CORPORAL HENRY ROGERS, of Boremore, N.S.W., with his bride and one of her attendants, at their wedding in Scotland.



SAPPER WAL TINKLER, of Coraki, N.S.W., and his bride, formerly Isabel Gregory, on the snow-covered steps of the church after their wedding.



SAPPER BRIAN BUCKINGHAM, one of the unit's champion axemen, and his Scottish wife.

born to this particular Forestry Company I was visiting, and his red head was well wet, for he was the winner of the baby stakes watched by nearly a score of anxious fathers. The stork was working overtime in and around the Australian colony, just then.

David's mother speaks broad Lancashire. She was a munitions worker before her marriage, and has the hearty, open manner of a north country girl.

The first baby girl I met was Vanessa McNeill, who is the inheritor of a strong anti-Fascist tradition, for five-months-old Vanessa's father fought in the International Brigade in Spain.

He went from Corrimal, N.S.W., to be in the spearhead of the fight against Fascism, on Spanish soil, and Australia's welcome home was still ringing in his ears when the Fascist hordes swept into Poland, and Jim McNeill was on his way to

the wars again, this time with an infantry unit of the A.I.F.

He was in hospital when the Ninth Division left Britain, joined the Forestry boys, and met his dark-haired, intelligent wife at a reunion of the International Brigade.

Mabel McNeill has for years worked for the Spanish Relief Fund, and been a great admirer of the International Brigadiers, and something of a hero worshipper of Jim McNeill, to whom she sent comforts when he was wounded in Spain.

Sapper Joseph Siplane, of North Queensland, and his wife, formerly Doris Backhouse, knew a good deal about each other before they met, for Doris' aunt is a neighbor of Joe's mother, and he left with a letter of introduction to her tucked in his pocket.

Heading the perambulator parade down the tiny village street was Geoff Gurney, blond-haired son of tall South Australian, Sapper Geoff Gurney, and his wife, formerly Jessie Coulson.

Taking his afternoon airing was the five-weeks-old son of Sapper and Mrs. Leslie McEwen Pannell. Baby, who is called Shaw after his uncle, the late John Shaw Neilson, well-known poet, was to be christened the next day by his mother's brother, who is the local parson.

One of the first Forestry boys to marry was Corporal Francis Burdett, of Millicent, S.A., whose wedding to Kathleen Joyce, a Scottish nurse, set a precedent, for many of the boys married nurses.

It was while visiting his boys in hospital that the Commanding Officer of the First Australian Forestry Coy., Major Jack Thomas, himself succumbed to the charms of a Scots girl, and so Sister Jessie Johnson became Mrs. Thomas. They have a daughter, Joan.

Major Thomas was formerly in

the Woods and Forests Department at The Meadows, South Australia.

He said to me: "The difference between the boys before and after marriage shows clearly on their conduct sheets. The wildest ones have settled down now and they are the best in the camp. The boys have been lucky, for they have met the right types of girls."

"The majority do not want to go out to Australia till the war is over and their husbands are ready to receive them and help them to set up new homes. Wives and children must wait till the end of the war for repatriation, but if there are passages available they can pay the difference in fares and go out when they like."

One wife I didn't meet but heard a lot about was Pearl Rogers, who married Corporal Henry Rogers, of Boremore, near Orange.

They met at an Overseas League dance in Glasgow, where Pearl is a capstan lathe operator.

Gay, wisecracking Pearl has gone on with her war work since her marriage, and she's making no plans to go to Australia till the war is won.

Sapper Hector Macdonald, of Northern Rivers, himself a farmer, married a farmer's daughter, Mattie Wilson, and they hope to have their own farm when they settle down after the war.

"Prince of the Forest," which is the nickname for Sapper Brian Buckingham, of Mount Gambier, for he is reckoned to be the biggest and fittest of the Foresters, is married to pretty picture show usherette Ivy, of the local cinema.

In father's footsteps

FOLLOWING in his father's footsteps, Walter Grainger married Anne Steddon, N.A.A.F.I. canteen worker, just as his father, Walter Grainger, married a Scottish girl during the last war. Both father and son are with the Foresters.

Sapper Edward Ebeling, of Casino, and his bride, formerly Ida Wilson, have a daughter, Marilyn.

Lance-Corporal Wal Tinkler, of Coraki, N.S.W., is married to Isabel Gregory, and Sapper Peter Moss married Pat Opie, and their year-old daughter is called Joan.

A happy foursome were the newly born babies of Sappers Bill Cameron, of Victoria, Bill Spratling, of Queensland, Graham Grainger, of Sydney, and Jack Saul, of Casino.

Other marriages have been Sappers Leo O'Shanessy, of Bond Junction, N.S.W., to Evelyn Hawkins; Jack Dowling, of Murrumbidgee, Queensland, to Nettie Copeland; and Vick Bullock, of Tumut, N.S.W., to Betty Anderson.



MRS. PETER MOSS, wife of Sapper Moss, of Evans Head, N.S.W. She was formerly Miss Pat Opie.



LITTLE JOAN MOSS, daughter of Sapper Moss and his English wife. She is now about one year old.

Editorial

OCTOBER 23, 1943

ORDEAL BY SCIENCE

A DISTURBING side-light on the war has been opened up by an American ear specialist, who says that no combat airman will return to civil life with normal hearing.

The past four years have brought a startlingly swift advance in mechanical invention.

The human frame is called on to endure greater and greater extremes of air-pressure, of temperature, of emotional tension.

Young fighters must become tougher and tougher in order to survive them.

Before the war descent by parachute was looked on mainly as a means of escape from a plane in an emergency.

But in New Guinea soldiers descended into the Markham Valley in a dense mass.

They jumped precisely at a word of command, regarding this as part of their everyday duty.

When a Thunderbolt went out of control on an Emden raid last month an American pilot dived at more than 800 miles an hour.

The wonder in such cases is that the flier survives to tell the tale.

With the coming of peace, these breathtaking achievements of science will be applied to increasing the safety, health, and happiness of mankind instead of dealing out destruction.

The airmen who have fought and endured so gallantly must have an honored place in the brave, new world.

That is an obligation on every man and woman who has enjoyed their protection from a ruthless enemy.

—THE EDITOR.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE Waaf on our cover this week is demonstrating the work of the R.A.A.F. Meteorological Service.

Our color photographer, Robert Cleland, shows her releasing a hydrogen-filled balloon.

The course of these balloons is watched until they rise to a great height—sometimes up to 40,000 feet.

They are used to determine the direction and speed of the upper winds.

How Lae battle was won

Corporal tells of 55-mile trek to meet paratroops

"We felt very proud to be pioneers."

In these simple words a corporal sums up his unit's feelings about its part in the battle for Lae, when an A.I.F. Pioneer Battalion, after a 55-mile trek, crossed the Busu River and contacted paratroops on Lae aerodrome.

THIS is one of several letters, published in this week's "Letters From Our Boys," from men who have been in the fighting in New Guinea in the past few months.

"After a week's preparation, moving all our gear across two rivers by boat, getting our native carriers on the job, and in general attending to a thousand and one minor details, we were ready," writes Corporal I. F. Dodd to his wife in Gladstone, N.S.W.

"We moved up about four to five miles to our real starting point, and on my birthday, September 2, commenced the 55-mile march, which has had so much publicity.

"In reality, it was just as tough as it sounds. In open, flat country on good food, 55 miles in four days would have been just a hop, step, and a jump.

"But when you consider that it was for the most part along a rough jungle track which could only be negotiated in single file, through mud, swamps, and over hills up to 2000 feet high, and that during the four days we lived on one tin of 'bully' and one packet of biscuits per man per day, it is hardly to be wondered at that we were all glad when our goal was in sight.

"We carried anything between 60 to 80 pounds per man, and even though our loads are lightened a little by the way in which we carry them they become pretty heavy.

"Consider then the natives, carrying loads sometimes up to 100 pounds up hills at times nearly perpendicular, awkward loads, too, cases of rationed and ammunition, huge coils of rope, and canvas boats, just to mention a few items.

"We were now at the banks of the river where our job would really commence.

"Everyone was serious that night, silence, and no fire—all of us wondering just what was in store for us the following day.

Paratroops land

AS a matter of fact, dawn broke just about the same as it always does, but the suspense was still there.

"Just about 10.30 a.m. the balloon went up.

"First of all came medium and heavy bombers, strafing and dropping their 'eggs' on the other side of the river. Above them flew a blanket of hundreds of fighters, then two planes swooped down, and laid the smoke screen.

"Just then—over our heads—came the transports with their loads of paratroops.

"I cannot do justice to the picture these men made. As they dropped from their planes their 'chutes opened, billowed, and floated gracefully to earth.

"Their landing was the signal for us to start our crossing.

"The river itself is about 800 yards across, most of it about waist-high, and although it was running fairly strongly we were able to wade to a sandpit about 70 yards from the other side. This distance was covered by a pontoon bridge.

"Not long after we were all across and had made contact with the paratroops only to learn that our Nippon 'friends' had flown.



JUNGLE DAMPER being made by Sig. L. Darcy, of Wangaratta, Vic. He uses crushed biscuits for flour, coconut shell for a mixing bowl, and a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly for a mixing board.



BAKING OVEN, Markham Valley model, made from a dehydrated mutton tin. Pte. A. Cockburn, of Five Dock, N.S.W., places a three-minute damper in the oven.



LANDING FLAG left behind by the Japanese at Nadeab airstrip is now used to signal our planes. Lieut. J. Sandell, of Middle Park, Vic., fixes the flag to an improvised flagpole. Dept. of Information photos.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

These letters you receive from your men in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards minimum payment of 2/- for sender rateable 10/- or 5/- is paid.

and read the papers we felt very proud to be pioneers.

"We have made a great hit with our Allies here, and if you are a pioneer you're the tops with them.

"And just quietly, we are honored to be able to call them friends. They are all grand fellows.

"When we first arrived here and things were rather bad, I have seen many of them share their last tin of rationed or last cigarette with us.

Driver J. Vincent to his cousin, Miss B. Edwards 13 Audrey St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.:

"MY platoon and another were attached to an Air Transport Company, which has the job of dropping supplies to the boys up in the front lines.

"I had a go at the dropping, and it was a great experience, flying up over the mountains right up to the most forward area where our boys are getting into the Japs.

"We were able to look straight down on the place where the fighting was actually going on, though, of course, we could not see any, as it was thick jungle below.

"Some of the supplies are dropped by parachute. Others just done up in bags and dropped from the plane.

"When the pilot gets into position to drop, a green light comes on, and a buzzer sounds.

"While it is on you have to push and shove the bags for all you can, holding on with one hand.

"The door is open all the time, and as soon as you get rid of one heap you have to work like the dickens getting another one in position. It is sure a hectic half-hour."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Film Reviews

★★ JOURNEY FOR MARGARET

A TOUCHING film, set against a background of bomb-torn London, and dealing with the adventures of a war correspondent (Robert Young) and wife (Laraine Day), who adopt two appealing young war orphans, badly shattered by the horrors they have witnessed. As the children, five-year-old Margaret O'Brien and four-year-old William Severn prove to be two of the most attractive and capable child stars seen in a long time, and in every sequence steal the acting honors from the adult players.

Pay Bainter, always a welcome addition to any supporting cast, makes an effective appearance as the owner of the London orphanage. — St. James; showing.

★ I MARRIED AN ANGEL

ALTHOUGH lavishly produced and featuring two such popular stars as Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, this film is pretty dull fare. The photographic effects are good, and the singing, of course, is average, but rarely do any of the cast transcend the dull script, and the amount of fancy setting can compensate for the lack of action.

Eddy, as the devil-may-care Budapest playboy, is badly miscast, and gives a very stilted performance, and Miss MacDonald's efforts to appear naive and dewy-eyed are embarrassing in their futility.

Binnie Barnes looks devastating, but both she and Edward Everett Horton are virtually wasted in poorly conceived roles. — St. James; showing.

★ THE OMAHA TRAIL

THIS is a pretty dull Western, with a rather better cast than usual, but lacking that fast tempo and thrills that usually are the saving grace of such films. The story tells of vagabond James Craig and his efforts to transport a locomotive by ox train so he can establish priority for a Western railway. Dean Jagger makes determined and noisy efforts to be the suitably sinister villain of the piece.

The theme includes all the tried and true Western antics and situations, with Indian attacks thrown in. As the heroine, Pamela Blake displays personality and charm. — Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Film on problem-children

MONOGRAM Studios are planning to make a film which will deal with a problem which most American cities are faced with, due to wartime conditions.

Entitled "Where Are My Children?" the story revolves round juvenile delinquency, and will feature Jackie Cooper, who has been granted special leave from the Navy for this role. The film has civic backing from leading citizens, who are anxious to present and endeavor to clear up the problem of unsupervised children whose parents are war-workers.

As the film version of the best-seller, "If Winter Comes," will be made in America by MGM instead of by a British studio, as previously announced, Walter Pidgeon replaces Robert Donat in the coveted leading role.

AFTER finishing the re-takes on "America," Australian star Ann Richards is busy shopping for her trip east to visit her American relatives in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York.

TO gain experience for the role of girl welder in her latest Paramount film, Paulette Goddard spent four days as a welder in the Kaiser shipyards.

AUSTRALIAN director John Farrow is suffering from bad bruises after scuffling with an intruder in his home. According to

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trying to clear PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, and Teller Smith, both accused of theft. Real thief is Grando, Mandrake's ex-assistant, who hypnotizes his victims. Grando plants jewels in Mandrake's bedroom. Chief of Police tries to arrest Mandrake, who vanishes by magic. NOW READ ON:



his story, the youth invaded the house, hoping to persuade Farrow's wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, to assist him to get screen work.

HAVING just returned from an entertainment tour in Africa, Al Johnson is seriously ill with pneumonia and malaria.

SPENCER TRACY will play the tuba on his current overseas tour, but says he has no idea as yet where his destination will be.

Laraine Day and Joel McCrea are also departing on tour, and are both hoping to go to Australia.

AS part of her nurses' aide training, Joan Fontaine took time off from the studio to witness a brain operation at the local hospital.

FORMER screen favorite Sylvia Sydney returned to Hollywood in the stage production of "Jane Eyre."

SCREEN vampire Bela Lugosi started the nurses at the Red Cross Blood Bank when he arrived the other day to donate his pint of blood, and said: "I have been playing a blood-sucker all morning in Columbia's 'Return of the Vampire,' so I have a twinge of conscience and would like to return a pint."

"Our Glad" compere new Sunday programme for 2GB

"The Victory Road" is the title of a new national broadcast heard from 2GB every Sunday at 7.10 p.m.

The programme gives forty-five minutes of uninterrupted variety entertainment at one of the peak listening hours of the week.

It was felt that some artist representative in every way of Australian life and art should be chosen, and it was decided to ask Miss Gladys Moncrieff, Australia's Queen of Song, to become co-compere.

Miss Moncrieff won the hearts of the Australian public more than 20 years ago, and to-day this star is shining more brightly than ever.

"The Victory Road" brings to the microphone Australia's foremost stars, who are introduced by Miss Moncrieff.

The following artists were chosen for the premiere broadcast--Reg Lewis and his 20-piece Macquarie Orchestra; Glen Marks, Clyde Collins, Kitty Bluett, Al Thomas, Terry Howard, The Starlighters, the Guardsmen, the Vocalaires, Barbara James, Sheila Sewell, and Madeleine Orr.

In addition to acting as joint-compere, Gladys Moncrieff sang with the orchestra and the Vocalaires Eric Coster's "Song of Loyalty."

Fast-moving comedy was provided by the Kitty Bluett-Al Thomas combination, and comedienne Madeleine Orr also had some special gags lined up.

A number for two--chosen by Glen Marks and Clyde Collins--was a modern version of Tchaikovsky's "Concerto For Two," and harmony was provided by the singing of Terry Howard, late of Adelaide, with the quartet.

In order to ensure the widest possible listening audience, one of the most popular times, 7.10 to 7.55, has been selected.

This means that for three-quarters of an hour preceding what is recognised as the Sunday night drama hour, listeners will be entertained by an outstanding show.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, October 20: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, October 21 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, October 22: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gown of Melody.
SATURDAY, October 23: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Hour."
SUNDAY, October 24 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, October 25: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, October 26: Musical Alphabet.

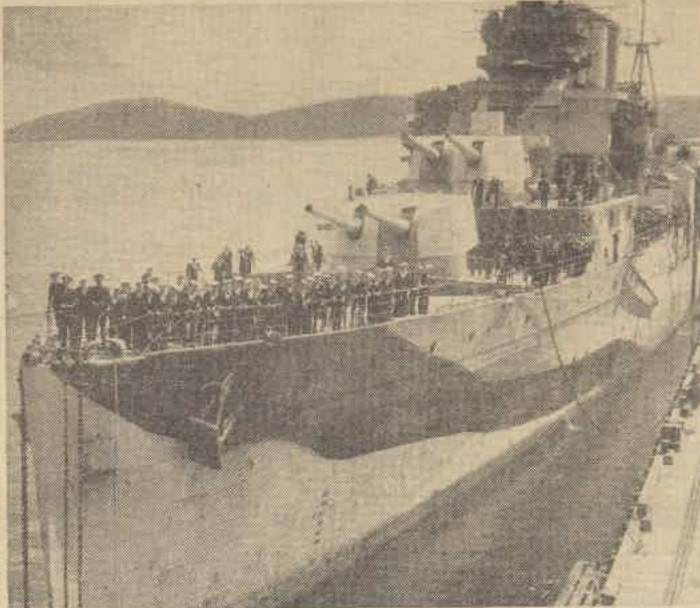
"The Victory Road" is produced by Mel G. Lawton, general manager of the Prince Edward Theatre, assisted by Mal Verco, of 2GB, who for once is parted from his red-headed sawdust Romeo-Ginger. Script continually is by Max Green.

"The Victory Road" has been made possible by the combined co-operative efforts of radio and of Australia's greatest national advertisers.

Shropshire cook is salty philosopher



CHIEF PETTY-OFFICER COOK GEORGE HOFFMAN, of H.M.A.S. Shropshire, has cooked for sailors since 1912. He has two brothers who are cooks.



H.M.A.S. SHROPSHIRE berthing in an Australian port. She is a ten thousand ton cruiser presented by Britain to Australia.



CAPTAIN J. A. COLLINS, who commands the Shropshire. Captain Collins commanded H.M.A.S. Sydney during her victorious encounters with the Italian Fleet.

THE R.A.N.'s new cruiser Shropshire is a gift from the British Government to Australia to replace H.M.A.S. Canberra, lost in the Solomons last year. Built in 1929, she has been modernised, and is one of the best equipped cruisers afloat. Her armament includes many secret devices perfected during this war.

Proud of gift cruiser's cafeteria, which is unique in R.A.N.

By DOROTHY DRAIN

Oldest man of the ship's company which brought H.M.A.S. Shropshire, Britain's gift cruiser, to Australia, was Chief Petty-Officer Cook George Hoffman, who takes a particular pride in one of the ship's latest features, the crew's cafeteria mess.

The Shropshire is the only ship in the R.A.N. as yet equipped with a cafeteria, and no one is better qualified to extol its virtues than C.P.O. Hoffman, who has been cooking for sailors since 1912.

THE men like the new messing system much better than the old, and this pleases C.P.O. Hoffman, who says: "A cook who can satisfy a sailor isn't a cook, he's a magician."

At 55 C.P.O. Hoffman looks back on a steady improvement in conditions at sea, and he says that the cafeteria, with its steam pressed from which hot food is served to every man in rotation, is the best system yet.

"This way," he said, "means a fair share for every man, and no waste."

"In the old days, when food for so many men was allotted in mess dishes, men on watch usually got the leftovers, and their food was cold."

George likes talking about cooking. If you ask him about his theories he first explains his basic theory—which is that theory is no use without practice.

"Now take me. I had the practice first, and now I've got the theory."

Cookery, he holds, is a matter of discretion and common sense. It's no use laying down rules and sticking to them. "For instance," he said, "you read that beef takes 20 minutes to the pound to cook."

"Well, take ten pounds of meat—" (A man who has been in charge of a galley for as many as 17,000 men in Devonport Barracks, England, brings himself down to ten pounds of meat with an effort.)

"It might be a long, thin piece of meat, or it might be a thick joint. It's obvious, isn't it, that the thick meat is going to take longer?"

George thinks there's a lot to be said for the attractive presentation of food.

"Like girls," he explains. "Take a plain girl and dress her well, and some make-up, and she may be very attractive."

"But a pretty girl carelessly dressed might not appeal."

"Well now, there's food. Throw a lot of chickens carelessly into a shop window, and no one will look at them."

"But say you see a window with a nice piece of topside steak, all done up with parsley—that's a pleasant sight."

By attractive presentation George doesn't mean disguise.

"It's no use camouflaging food for sailors," is his emphatic belief. "It must be good food."

Nevertheless he has some sound ideas about psychology.

"Don't ask a man what he wants for dinner. Tell him what there is, and that he's going to like it."

"Now in my days on the old Yarra I sometimes used to make, say, doughnuts, or apple pies. I'd put them where the boys could see them as they came along a passage-way."

"What's that, George?" they'd ask. "Doughnuts," I'd answer, "and they're pretty good, too."

"So the news would go round—'Doughnuts for tea'—and the boys would get the idea they were going to like them, and they did."

Women are too excitable, he thinks, to be first-class cooks. He reminds you that all the most famous chefs are men. Bulk work, he believes, is too heavy for most women.

However, he has nothing against them as cooks for households, and gives some advice which should be useful to sailors' wives.

"There is nothing a sailor likes better than steak and onions, unless it's steak and eggs."

"They won't eat mince-meat if they can help it; and very few of them like tripe or rabbit."

There are three Hoffman brothers who are cooks. One, James, serves with the U.S. Navy, and one, Victor, is in the merchant service.

George Hoffman has served in eight ships of the R.A.N. He joined the Navy in 1912, having cooked before then in the merchant service. Between the two wars he had a spell ashore, but in all he has been 26 years a cook in the Navy.

He was cook aboard the old Sydney when she sank the Emden in the



MEN OF THE SHROPSHIRE. The ship's company includes many who have served with the Royal Navy from two to four years.

last war. He has made seven trips to England, went there for the commissioning of H.M.A.S. Canberra in 1928.

There aren't many naval personnel of whom George can't tell something, and there are none for whom he has higher praise than the Shropshire's captain, Captain J. A. Collins.

"He's a real gentleman," said George.

"I knew him when he was a lieutenant in H.M.A.S. Melbourne."

"When I went aboard the Shropshire in England he shook hands with me, and said he was pleased to have me in the ship."

"He's 100 per cent. efficient, and there isn't a man in the ship who wouldn't go to the end of the world with him."

"There's many a fine thing he has done for his men, too—the sort of stories you can't tell because he wouldn't want them told—but you can take my word for it."

C.P.O. Hoffman has met any number of celebrities in his time, including nearly all the Royal Family.

He was in the Encounter when the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, travelled aboard her.

"I met the late King, too," he said. "But the one I had a long talk with was Princess Mary."

"That was back in 1928, when she came aboard the Canberra in England. She's very interested in cookery, and she asked me a lot of questions."



HAPPY HOMECOMING for Able-Seaman Bruce Royall, who has been away for nearly three years. He had his 21st birthday aboard the Shropshire at a British port. With him are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Royall, and his brother, L.A.C. Sid Royall, R.A.A.F.

Our new serial

"MYSTERY Stalks the Roof" is the title of our intriguing new serial by Theodora Du Bois, to begin next week.

An exciting murder mystery. It is located at Dr. Burch's convalescent inn, whither Anne McNeill comes to enjoy a fortnight's peaceful rest cure.

Canada's Servicewomen are Jills of all trades



MESSAGE FOR C.O. of Canadian corvette delivered by Wren Maria Wallbank. Wrens' summer uniforms are powder-blue, with white shoes and stockings.



CO-OPERATION BETWEEN SERVICES seen here as a Canadian Wren officer (right) and an airwoman mark submarine sinkings on map of North Atlantic.



HANDLE WITH CARE. Leading Airwoman S. Wallace lends a hand with a bomb. Once this was exclusively a job for men, but women now share it.



CHECKING WITH PILOT. Airwomen keep track of flying hours at many Canadian stations.



WREN PHOTOGRAPHER Blanche Heyes works in the darkroom of Naval Photographic section.



MAINTENANCE JOB with hose and broom tackled cheerfully by an efficient young airwoman.



SGT. MARGUERITE RICHARDSON, night vision tester, demonstrates machine used in tests.

RICK

trundled out the precious copper wire, and the riggers got under way. It was a pleasure to see them hike skyward up those trees with supreme grace where he had done it clumsily the night before. They were nonchalant about the heights and difficulties. He was watching them when Jennifer Peckham roared up the hill to the shack and skidded to a stop.

"Rick!" she called.

She smiled at him warmly. "Ruth gave out at 4 a.m.," she said proudly. "But I kept plugging away. So many of those amateurs have gone into the armed forces, the list was cut terribly. But I found one 886 tube around midnight, and I didn't find another till five this morning. Then I stumbled on a boy who had two of them impounded. He lived in Ponce. I got the signed release. The other boy lives in San Juan, and I have his name and address here, but you'll have to get his release up there."

"Three!" Rick said. "Praise the Lord and turn on the ignition, we're off to San Juan. Can you come?"

"You couldn't," she replied, "keep me away."

He turned the project over to Charlie and climbed into her car. She wheeled him down the hill, took the road for San Juan, and they skittered. It was forty miles to the city on the north side of the island of Puerto Rico, and the road passed up into the mountains, through the coffee plantations on the other side, where the beans grew in the shade of the brilliant banana trees with their flaming flowers, down through the fields of growing sugarcane, and, finally, an hour later, into the outskirts of San Juan.

They got the release from the ham who owned the single 886 within twenty minutes. He was earnest and eager to help serve. "I never thought the old powerhouse would be on the air again for the duration," he said. "She's a sweet tube, mister, and you don't have to baby her. I've put out a thousand watts from her all by herself."

Continuing . . . Beam to Brazil

from page 7

"She's in the Army now," Rick grinned. "Thanks, old man."

Then Jennifer drove him to the service command headquarters in San Juan. "Incidentally," she said, "I telephoned Mike Harrington, of course, and gave him the sad story you told me to. Mike said he would try and scare up some 806's and ship them down by plane as fast as possible. But he sounded awfully let down. I'm sure he's convinced you'll never make it, Rick."

"I'll make it," Rick said. "Don't say that," Jennifer said. She shivered. "I'm afraid a little. They haven't caught Hans Steig yet."

The officer at headquarters was tractable enough. He didn't believe in red tape. He expedited everything, assigned Rick a liaison officer, and within the hour they were in the warehouse, checking through the boxed amateur gear there, which had been impounded five months before. The first box they found belonged to the San Juan ham. They opened it up, found the tube securely wrapped in its own carton. Rick examined it as if it were gold. It was as big as a milk bottle and fat as a turnip. "Eureka," he said. "Perfect!" He put the tube back into the carton and handed it to Jennifer for safe keeping. She turned a little pale at the prospect of carrying it.

"If you drop it," Rick said, "I shall personally strangle you with my bare hands, and remain a bachelor all my life."

"Oh, golly," she breathed. When they finally found the box belonging to the Ponce ham who had released two such tubes, Rick's heart went leaden. He could hear the tinkle of broken glass inside. He found the first 806 carton, opened it. Crushed glass chips poured out. He pulled the base of the tube. There it was. Smashed.

His fingers were heavy and unmanageable as he found the second carton. He hardly dared to breathe. Jennifer's eyes had filled with dis-

may when she saw the broken tube. She turned away when he opened the second carton.

"Thank heaven!" he whispered.

She turned, saw him holding a perfect tube in his hands. He wrapped it, pushed it gently into the carton again, handed it to her.

"I think you'd better carry them," she said. "I want to faint."

"Hang on to them," Rick replied, "because if you don't, I'm going to faint."

They thanked the officer who had helped them in the warehouse, returned to the car. It was past noon then, but they didn't dare stop for lunch. Not with those bottles. Jennifer held them to her and Rick drove back the forty miles to Ponce. They didn't talk much. They just concentrated. She concentrated on holding the tubes. He concentrated on driving, taking all the smooth spots and avoiding any bumps or jars.

By the time they came up the hill to Pompano Point they were both nervous wrecks. It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Did you get 'em?" Charlie Coles asked. "Never mind. I can tell from the lovely deathlike color of your cheeks that you got them. Gently, gently, Peckham. Right inside."

She put them down on the workbench table, and then fell into a chair weakly. She was shaking. "For heaven's sake, Rick," she said, "get them into their sockets!"

"Nothing doing," Rick said. "I did that once. Steig is still loose. I'm going to hide these things."

He went out into the kitchen, he found a box of oatmeal, emptied the contents into a garbage pail, then put one of the tubes into the oatmeal box. The other he put inside the coffee pot. He put both of them back on the shelf of the little closet and gently closed the door.

"I'll take 'em out when it's time to shine," he said. "The riggers aren't finished yet, and I have a couple of other things to do. Jennie, you can make the last stand here with Charlie and keep your eyes on that rig. No one comes near it."

He went out and found Mex Vane. "Let's get the body downtown."

Vane said, "I wrapped it in a blanket; I'll put it into your car. Maybe I better go with you, Martin."

"Come along," Rick drove down to Ponce, delivered the body of George Carstairs to a local mortuary, and asked that a decent embalming be done and the corpse prepared for shipment back to the States. After that they drove to the airport and for the first time Rick used the office Jennie had assigned him. He telephoned Mike Harrington in Miami, disclosed the worst.

Mike Harrington sighed metallically over the wire. "Well, never mind, boy. You did your best. I won't hold it against you."

"You won't hold what against me?" "Not going on the air."

"What in heck are you thinking?" Rick snapped. "I told you the worst. The best is that I'll be on the air on time and you can listen for me. You can monitor 2000 kc. all evening, and you'll hear me hit the air. Meantime, tell the F.B.I. about Steig, and tell the A.A.T.C. to go ahead as far as I'm concerned. They can ride my beam from midnight on."

Rick hung up. He felt pretty good. He turned to Mex Vane and found the big fellow staring at Pompano Point, frowning. "Lights," Mex said, deep in his throat.

"What?" "The blinker. Up at the shack. It's flickering this way."

Rick looked up. Sure enough, the old Aids blinker was working. But erratic. But slow. S. A long pause. O. An interminable wait. S!

"What's the say?" "Let's roll!" Rick roared. "It's an SOS, and from the looks of that transmission, it's being sent secretly in the presence of the enemy. Come on!"

They rode the return to Pompano hard. Going up the mountain they passed the riggers in their truck and ground to a stop, backing up. Hannigan, the rig boss, said, "The job is done. Transmission lead-in taken right to your shack. Antenna up."

"Okay. Just keep your ears open to-night, upstairs, and see what you hear. When you hear it, just know you had a hand in it."

"I savvy," said Hannigan.

At the gate Rick stopped again. A lone soldier was standing guard. "Where's the Army?" Rick asked.

"We had an alarm," said the soldier. "They've gone down the mountain. Someone called. They're gonna get Steig and his whole gang this time."

When Rick pulled the car in at the radio shack nothing seemed to be amiss. "Don't go in," Vane said. "I'll take a sander at the window." He stole a look through the window cautiously, then turned back perplexed. "They're just sitting in there. Peckham and Mr. Coles."

"I'll be hanged," Rick said. "It's a poor time to start practising SOS's with a blinker. I'll bet that was Charlie, learning how to be a radio operator. Come on." He opened the door.

The instant he shut the door, Rick knew it was a trap. He knew it from the terrible expression in Jennifer Peckham's haunted eyes. He knew it from the posed smile on Charlie's gaunt face. But it was simultaneously proved when a larger pistol poked around the edge of the kitchen door, aimed at him, and Hans Steig, alias "George Carstairs," stepped into the room.

"Don't go for the gun, Mex," Steig said graciously. "If you move for it I'll drill you dead on the spot. Hands behind your neck, Mex. . . . Good evening, Rick. Shouldn't our acquaintance be forgot, eh?"

Rick said, "You've done enough around here, Steig. What else do you want?"

"Just to finish the job," Steig said with a hard smile. "I will say you are a very ingenious fellow, Rick. Much more shrewd than I anticipated when you first arrived. If there was anything sporting in war I'd be inclined to let you proceed. Unfortunately, there is nothing sporting in war, and my job is to destroy what you have built."

"Meaning?" "The tubes. The tubes you and Peckham journeyed to San Juan for. . . . Where are they?"

Mex Vane said carefully, "If you and me both rush that rat, Martin, he could only shoot one of us before the other got him."

STEIG instantly directed his aim at the back of Jennifer Peckham's head. "In that case the one will be Peckham."

"Hold it," Rick said. "At ease, Mex."

"Where are the tubes?" Steig asked again.

Rick was silent. "You might as well tell the man all," said Charlie. "I've got a long life line and don't you go spoiling it. I paid that gipsy ten bucks before she told me I'd live for ever."

"Hurry," Steig said.

"Okay," Rick said. "In the kitchen cabinet. He felt hollow."

"Show me." Rick led the way into the kitchen. He opened the cabinet and took down the oatmeal box and coffee percolator. He opened them. The big bottles sat inside, glistening.

"Stand back," Steig snapped, his eyes like diamonds. He raised the gun to fire at the first tube.

Rick made a sudden swift movement, but Mex Vane was before him. He flung himself between the tubes and the gun, and took the shot in the midriff with a sharp groan. He twisted around as he stood there, swiped at the gun hand, and knocked the pistol cleanly from Steig's hand and through the kitchen window, smashing the glass. He staggered towards Steig, but collapsed after his first step.

Rick meanwhile grabbed the bottles and ran into the operations room. He tossed one to Charlie, who caught it, white-faced, and the other to Jennifer, who hugged it to her as if it were a child. "Get behind me," he said harshly, "and heaven help you if you drop those."

"He's got a knife!" Charlie yelled.

Steig came out of the kitchen with a sharp, thin knife.

Rick felt for his belt. His fingers ran across the heavy steel buckle. He unhooked the belt, whipped it from his breeches, and gripped the free end. Steig came in at him, lunging with the knife. He swung the belt with all his strength and caught Steig across the face with the buckle.

Steig screamed with pain and dropped the knife as the buckle opened his face.

"Take care!" Jennifer screamed as Rick lunged forward at Steig.

Animal Antics



"This'll teach him to chase cats!"

then hit him across the throat with the heel of his palm. It was a savage, terrible blow, and it knocked Steig to the floor, where he wriggled like a struck worm.

"Jennie!" Rick gasped. "Give the bottle to Charlie—get out of here—get police—Captain Lopez—"

Jennifer was gone quickly. Steig had stopped wriggling. Rick and Charlie bent over Mex Vane. Mex had taken the bullet low to the left side. He was completely conscious. They carried him to a cot and stretched him out.

"Don't worry about me," Mex grunted against the pain. "I'll beat it."

"It's not too good," Charlie said gravely.

"I'll beat it," Mex said firmly. "Man, you know when you're going to beat something. Take a look at that guy over there. I think you killed him."

Rick went over. He raised no pulse in Steig's wrist. He dropped the wrist and came back. His face had no expression.

"I didn't mean to do that," he said. "Not to kill him. But with judo, you don't know."

"Judo," said Mex Vane. "That's the science of knocking out a hot-shot with one whack, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Rick. "And I was the guy who was going to lick the living tar out of you once. . . . Anyway, nice going, Rick. Now, I reckon, your station is safe enough."

"Thanks to you," Rick replied. "If you hadn't shielded those tubes!"

"Think nothing of it," Mex grunted. "Anyway, I only just beat you to it."

"Take it easy, hero," Charlie piped in. "You're talking too much for a wounded man. You'll have to have your tank refilled if you don't lie still. And with rationing what if these days, you might only get enough transfusion to make you a zombie."

After a while Captain Lopez arrived with several other police, all of them led to the scene by Jennifer Peckham, who had also picked up Ruth Wycoff. "I called an ambulance, too," Jennie said. "It ought to be right along for Mex."

Ruth Wycoff said, "Efficiency. Her middle name."

Rick cleaned up the business with the police. Lopez and his men took the body of Hans Steig down to Ponce. The ambulance arrived meanwhile, and Mex Vane was transported to the hospital. By the time all the details of the fracas had been cleared up it was almost midnight.

Rick put in the tubes, tuned the transmitter. Everything percolated nicely. He threw the power switch and they were on the air. "Security" he announced. "KXVA is now in operation. Message ends."

A few minutes later they began to hear the engines. First it was just a drone. Then the drones swarmed closer, like a thousand thunder. Presently the giant ships, up above in the darkness, blasted by. As they went Rick turned to the aircraft frequency. They were calling him. "KXVA, KXVA, come in, please."

"KXVA to aircraft," Rick said. "Go ahead."

"Thanks, old man. On the beam. Very fine business."

"Good luck," Rick said. "Message ends."

Please turn to page 20

"The Perfect Song"

A Session of Melodious Charm

Perfect words set to perfect music, a perfect singer . . . the result is a perfect song.

All Your Favourites . . . Perfectly Interpreted.

2GB

Wed., 9 p.m.
Sat., 8.45 p.m.

THE VOICES OF 30 YOUNG AUSTRALIANS

"THE GIRLS' CHOIR"

Songsters whose ages range from twelve upwards.

FRESH!
YOUNG!
VERSATILE!

Modern numbers
. . . ballads . . .
part songs . . .
sacred numbers.

2GB

Com. Oct. 24
Sun., 9 p.m.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

FORTUNATE influences predominate again this week, so those concerned should plan ahead and strive to take full advantage of their friendly stars. Saturday, October 23, is particularly favorable.

Moreover, the sun moves out of Libra and into Scorpio late on October 24, thus bringing promise of better fortune to Scorpions, Cancerians, and Pisceans, and many Capricornians and Virgoans, after that date.

But Leonians, Taurians and Aquarians must now take great care to avoid difficulties (after October 24). For those now affected adversely, Arians, Capricornians, and Cancerians, conditions should soon improve.

The Daily Diary

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): October 23, 24, and 25 can be difficult if you are rash, careless or quarrelsome. Avoid dangers. But October 26 may show first signs of improvement.

TACRUS (April 21 to May 21): Several difficult weeks ahead to get important or urgent matters finalized by sunrise October 30 (best), or around sunset on October 24.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Last chance to make your good deeds produce desired promotion, changes, gains for some time. Work hard on October 23.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Present time taken now may have disappointing later. Conditions are adverse until late October 24, but October 25 may show beginnings of future good fortune. Then several good weeks ahead, so plan well.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): A confusing week, so be cautious. October 21, night, October 22, afternoon, all of October 23, and sunrise October 24 very fair, but after that live quietly for several weeks.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): October 20, around sunset, October 21, late evening, October 22, dawn to midnight (best), October 24, around October 25 after 2 p.m., and October 26, afternoon, are all very helpful.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): October 22, dawn to midnight; best day of week to finalize present ambitions. October 24, around sunrise and sunset, very good. October 25, after 2 p.m., very fair.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23): October 19, afternoon, October 20 (around sunrise, best), and October 21 to 10 a.m., but, October 25, morning, fair, then good to midnight; October 26, midday, poor, afternoon good. Plan for next week, and work following. No high gains, and work toward them.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Near midnight, October 21, and forenoon, October 22, fair; October 23 very good, so utilize fully.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 23): A confusing week. Be cautious until October 24, October 25, afternoon and midnight hours best, and October 26, afternoon best, are both favorable to new and important matters.

AQUARIUS (January 24 to February 23): Be less aggressive now, for outbreaks are likely to replace recent pleasures and gains. No day this week is really helpful, though sunrise, 20 October 20, best.

PISCES (February 24 to March 23): Improvements soon, as plan ahead. Meanwhile October 20 around sunrise, October 21, late evening, are fair. October 23 especially around sunset quite good. Set new affairs in tentative motion then.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents the astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Every time it rains your liquid stockings spring a million runs."

F1760



F1760 — Charming little floral. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3414—Featuring slimming lines. Note diagonal treatment. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3312 — Smart, New Yorker check design. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3414



Fashion PATTERNS

F3312



F6414

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

THE snappy little frock for the 2 to 6-year-olds, illustrated at right (No. 403), comes to you ready to cut and sew. The pattern is clearly traced on a dorsal cotton, in brown, green, pink, or blue. It is shown as a (rumpled), but this is not supplied with the ready-to-cut garment. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 6/8 (4 eps.); 4 to 6 years, 7/8 (4 eps.). Plus 4/10 postage.

DAINTY BED-JACKET

THIS sweet little bed-jacket is fashioned from an excellent satin. It comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on ivory, magnolia, pink, blue, green, or lemon satin, ready to cut out, sew and embroider. It shows a scalloped robe, neckline, and sleeve, and attractive fullness falls over the bustline at front. Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 10/11 (6 eps.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 12/9 (6 eps.). Plus 4/10 postage. Please ask for No. 404.



Special Concession Pattern

Available for one month only from date of issue. Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State as under:

THREE BUTTS TO 8 YEARS OF AGE.

No. 1—Material required, 1yd. for trousers and 1 1/2yds. for shirt.

No. 2—Material required, 1yd. for trousers and 1 1/2yds. for shirt.

No. 3—Material required, 1yd. for trousers and 1 1/2yds. for shirt.



Concession Coupon

A VAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State as under:
Box 208A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

SUBJECT

SUBURB

TOWN

STATE

SIZE

Pattern Coupon, 27/30/43.

F3415



F3415 — Exquisitely styled draped frock for special occasions wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Fashion FROCKS

"KATE" — GAYEST OF FLORELS FOR SUMMER. FASHIONED from a vivid and lovely all-over floral print, this dress will appeal to all those who like — and can wear — a girl's frock.

The colorings run riot, with cyclamen, blue, red, and "lime" green predominating. Note the cross-over bodice with interesting shoulder yoke. Short, well-extended sleeves, slim-fitting waistband, and the popular gathered skirt.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 8/6 (13 eps.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 12/9 (13 eps.). Postage, 1/6.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 10/11 (13 eps.); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 12/9 (13 eps.). Postage, 1/6.

How to obtain "KATE": In A.W.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 1480B, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust, length, waist, and hip measurements, and name of model.





RED CROSS SHOP. Members of Elizabeth Bay-Darlinghurst Branch of Red Cross, Mrs. C. McLean and Mrs. A. E. Harding (seated), voluntary helpers in shop just opened in Macleay Street.



DISCUSSING MENU for "High Tea" to be held at Christy's on November 14, are R.A.A.F. Younger Set members (from left) Gwen Forster, Ronnie Davoren, Janet McPhee, and Anne Penny.

On and Off DUTY.

BECAUSE they feel that owing to need to support war organisations people do not have the time to devote to hand-

capped children's cause, energetic small committee decides to hold regular children's parties at Margaret Reid Orthopaedic Hospital at St. Ives for the small crippled patients there.

They take jazz caps, ice-cream, lollies, and fruit to the hospital, where a magician, a ventriloquist and singers delight the small patients.

Committee which includes Mrs. E. Spicer and her daughter Betty, Mr. W. Sheldon, and Mr. Peter Lyle, is planning year's programme so that they can make parties a regular occurrence at the hospital.

Mr. Sheldon, who runs a concert party, has promised that the children will have first call on their time, and has also announced that girls working in his factory will give up whole day towards making toys for the Christmas tree the committee will provide.

Anyone interested to help can ring Betty Spicer at MU1793 or BW6140.



CONCERT. Lady Julius, Mrs. J. B. D. Pennink, and Lady Gordon read letter from the Governor-General, Lord Gowrie, promising his patronage at Town Hall concert on October 25, which benefits both Australian and Dutch Comforts Funds.



DOLL FOR PRIZE. From left: Mrs. A. C. Booth, Mrs. E. G. Skinner, and Mrs. Wallace Smith, of N.Z. Association, with doll which members are outfitting as prize in art union, proceeds from which will go jointly to N.Z. Association Comforts Fund and the Legacy Club.



RECEIVING her Social Science Degree from Vice-Chancellor of Sydney University (Sir Robert Wallace) is Mrs. Gough Whitlam. Mr. R. D. Jamieson, of American Red Cross, and Professor A. K. Stout look on.

MR. and MRS. H. O. BROWN thrilled with long letter from daughter Hazel announcing her marriage in Cadiz, Ohio, to Lieut. Robert Patterson of U.S. Navy.

Hazel and Lieut. Patterson announced their engagement some time ago, and when he is recalled to the U.S. Hazel follows him and they are married in his parents' home.

Lieut. Patterson is a graduate of Ohio State University, and graduated from Annapolis Naval College. Bride, who is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, wears white brocade and carries with her bouquet of orchids and gardenias, a 120-year-old cross of gold-inlaid wood, the wood supposed to come from the Mount of Olives. Bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl J. Patterson, of Cadiz, Ohio.

BACK from their honeymoon at Cronulla are Leading-Seaman George O'Dowd and his bride, formerly June, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Alchin, of Liverpool.

Wedding took place at St. Luke's Church, Liverpool, and reception was at home of bride's parents.

Bridegroom is the only son of W/O. G. O'Dowd, A.I.F., and Mrs. O'Dowd, of Maroubra.

REMEMBER, remember the fifth of November... Fifth is date chosen for next monthly dance at Winn's ballroom held by committee of Women's Auxiliary of the R.S.S.A.I.L.A. to raise funds towards donating and maintaining leave hostels for Service personnel.

SERVICEMEN from last war who served overseas will gather at Feminist Club on November 11 for the twenty-third annual dinner of the Ex-Servicemen's Club. President Mrs. E. Mills may be contacted at FW1856.



TOAST. Paymaster - Lieutenant S. J. Griffiths, of H.M.A.S. Shropshire, and his wife drink a welcome home toast at their Cremorne flat when Lieut. Griffiths begins his leave.



FROM TASMANIA comes this picture of Lieut. G. M. Whitehouse, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Helen Jessie Hinman, of Hobart. Bridegroom formerly of N.S.W.

MRS. H. V. EVATT, wife of the Attorney-General, opens twentieth exhibition of Australian Watercolor Institute. Is introduced by President J. W. Maund, who says Mrs. Evatt, as artist herself, patron of art, and only woman trustee of Art Gallery, is specially competent to perform opening ceremony.

Artist Mary Edwards makes delicious speech, telling audience that, as member of Women for Canberra movement, she is learning public speaking. "I hope that if there are any fellow pupils here they will tell Teacher I made out all right," she says to the delighted laughter of the audience.

NOTE that Lillian Frost gives her 1100th recital at the Pitt Street Congregational Church. Proceeds of recital go to Red Cross.

GWENDOLYN NOLAN, who studied dentistry for two years and now has a war job in Sydney University laboratories, announces her engagement to final-year medical student John Philip Gunning.

Gwendolyn is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Nolan, of Roseville, and her fiancé is the only son of Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Gunning, of Chatswood.

Announcement is made at Gwen's twenty-first birthday party at Prince's, where she wears lovely diamond solitaire engagement ring for first time.

Interesting People

MR. ESSINGTON LEWIS

... great service

"IN recognition of great service to Australia" runs the citation appointing Mr. Essington Lewis member of Order of Companions of Honour, rare distinction recently conferred on him by the King. Present magnitude and efficiency of Australia's iron, steel and allied industries largely due to his efforts as Director-General of Commonwealth's Munitions and Aircraft Production. Holds both positions in an honorary capacity.

MISS BARBARA MACK

... award for bravery

SECOND highest award of Girl Guide Association, the Silver Cross, has been given to 16-year-old Barbara Mack, Sydney, for her act in rescuing small boy from drowning in Sydney Harbor. Granted by Girl Guide Imperial Headquarters, London. Cross has only once before been awarded in New South Wales.

MAJOR N. M. GUTTERIDGE

... fighting diet

NEWLY APPOINTED medical liaison officer with Army Catering Directorate, nutrition expert Major N. M. Gutteridge, Army Medical Corps, will aid in looking after diet of Australian troops. Was formerly assistant director, Army Hygiene, Queensland, and chairman of State's Nutrition Council. Declares "Unbalanced rations leave the soldier undernourished, and in tropical warfare can cause loss of sense of responsibility, even to point of cowardice."



Betty



Movieworld

Although she is only 20, lovely Linda Darnell is one of the most popular glamor girls at Fox Studios. A few months ago Linda eloped with Fox cameraman Sergeant Peverell Marley, and since her marriage has been one of the most tireless war workers in

the film colony. This young star is a qualified nurses' aide, hostess at the Hollywood Canteen, and with her friend, Ann Miller, runs a special day-nursery for the children of mothers engaged in war work. Latest film is "Buffalo Bill," with Joel McCrea.

How the World does its Wash
TAHITI
 In the romantic South Sea island of "Do As You Please" the native women make light work of housework. Even washing becomes a joyous, carefree affair.

J. KITCHEN & SONS, PER. LTD.

How'd you like to wash for a dozen or more? Not content with large families, the Tahitian begs to be allowed to care for other women's children as well.

Wash day is an excuse for a good old get-together. They rub their clothes with sky-blue soap containing ultramarine to make them white. Finally they wash the things they're wearing — on themselves!

Afterwards, perhaps a fish snack cooked in an earth oven. Flatirons are placed in the glowing embers and the clothes pressed on the ground.

Washing isn't hard work to Australian women, either when they use **Persil**! Its oxygen-charged suds coax out dirt without tedious rubbing — make clothes dazzling white without any "extras."

© 1943 P.



TRIED AND TRUE... Odo-ro-no Stops Perspiration

Odorono is an odourless liquid which leaves your underarm soft, fresh, and dry for a week or more. Establish for yourself the length of time Odorono protects you (for physical control varies with the person) then forget about perspiration the rest of the time.

Regularity of use establishes the infallible protection. Isn't this freedom worth the little time a liquid requires to dry?

Odorono is a doctor's prescription.



ODO-RO-NO

1/2, 2/2 and 3/9



1 AMERICAN TOURIST, Donald Duck, arrives in Brazil and meets a pompous and ultra-sophisticated parrot, Jose Carioca.



4 JOSE introduces Donald to national drink, cachaca, and Donald makes mistake of thinking it is soda pop.

2 DONALD makes a nuisance of himself taking photographs of everyone when he is in the Andes, until an Indian papoose takes a photograph of him.



3 IN CHILE he meets Pedro the brave baby plane, who brings the mail safely through.



5 FROM the colorful Lake Titicaca come this Indian boy and his pet llama.



6 AN attractive native of Argentina teaches the fascinated Donald to do the Samba, their native dance.

SALUDOS AMIGOS (Hullo, Friends)

IN his latest feature film, released by United Artists, Walt Disney again turns to fresh fields in presenting his characters and story in a gay and colorful setting of South America, and he brings to the screen the first group of impressions which he and a group of co-workers gleaned during their recent film survey trip through this country.

The result is a sparkling production, afire with fun and surprise, packed with catchy native songs and dances and off-stage music in South American mood.

Making his debut in this film is a brilliant new character, Jose Carioca, the Brazilian jitterbug, who co-stars with Donald Duck, and outvies him in rhythms and chatter.

Against majestic peaks of the Andes, another appealing character is introduced in the person of Pedro, baby mail plane, in a semi-humorous, semi-dramatic experience. Goofy, the traditional clownish foil for Donald, appears as an amateur gaucho on the Argentine pampas.

All the romance, music, and interesting everyday life of various South American peoples are authentically presented in this enthralling technicolor feature.



7 DRESSED as a gaucho, Goofy dances el pala pala, an Argentine folk dance.

Adelyn SUMMER FROCKS



Style No.
402/104 in.

Grafton

(Anti-shrink)

A youthful style in Grafton with open neckline. Skirt gathered to waist at front, finished with side pockets. This Adelyn Summer Frock will wash without shrinking or fading; so make certain that you Always look for this label

Adelyn

A WOMAN'S DUTY IS TO LOOK HER *Best*

To put a brave face on things
—to encourage others by her
cheerfulness and good spirits.
That is one of woman's many
war time duties and one for
which many discerning women
enlist the aid of....

paul Duval

PERSONALIZED
COSMETICS

Obtainable at
EXCLUSIVE STORES & CHEMISTS

If you are subject to
severe mental strain,
overwork or worry—long
hours of concentration
or tiredness of mind—
it is obvious that
you need
a course



CLEMENTS TONIC

U.S.M.O.

FAMOUS FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 23, 1943

Tubbable frocks and shady hats

• When you are digging in your victory garden wear this cool frock in tricolor checked gingham, with an effectively simple crossover bodice buttoned at the side and youthful dirndl skirt. Defy the sun with a whopping green coolie hat.

• Off to do your own marketing looking like a pretty peasant girl in a befrilled frock of red and white striped cotton with heavenly, cool drawstring neckline and capacious inset pockets.

• For important dates go ultra-feminine in a sizzling red, straight boater, cooled down with a crisply starched white pique d'oyley frill threaded with narrow black velvet ribbon.

• Face-flattering mushroom bonnet to provide shade on the hottest days. This one is done in daffodil-yellow summer felt and garnished with green and red cords.

• Go into the office looking lettuce-fresh in youthful green linen scattered with white coin-spots and frosted with white linen cuffs, collar, and frilly front.



Rose





FOR GOOD HEALTH

Keep healthy—free from constipation, with NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle laxative. To-night, before going to bed, chew one or two pleasant-tasting FIGSEN tablets. In the morning FIGSEN acts—mildly, yet thoroughly and effectively. Except for the pleasant relief it brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. NYAL FIGSEN is sold by chemists everywhere.

24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figsen
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

'NUGGET'



MAKES THE SHINE
AND THE SHOES



LAST LONGER

FIVE days later, as Rex was having tea with Carol on the bungalow verandah, her eyes clouded with agony. In the instant he was at her side. "Darling, what is it?" "This pain!" Her voice was a whisper. "I can't bear it." Her eyes closed, and she seemed on the verge of fainting.

He picked her up, carried her indoors to a couch, and sent a couple of native servants rushing off—one with a message for Inez to come immediately, the other with a written order for the wireless operator to despatch, summoning Harris, the official company doctor for this area. Harris had his headquarters two hundred miles off, but a plane was at his disposal.

A radio message and Inez arrived together. The message stated: Harris ill. Malaria. Unconscious. Suggest try Penley. Rex stared at it and handed it to Inez. She said quickly, "Is it Carol?" "Yes!"

"Wait outside." She shut the door on him. He forced himself to light a cigarette and walk up and down, kept looking at his watch to make sure these dragging seconds were not hours. The door opened and he swung round. "Inez, tell me—" All she said was: "Take this note. Have it sent to Nouraya at once." A messenger went rushing off to

find Nouraya, the Arab girl Inez had trained as a nurse. Rex patrolled up and down outside that closed door, his movements aimless and jerky. Then Inez came out. Her face was a quiet mask, but in her eyes, he could have sworn, lurked a kind of sombre, enigmatic triumph.

She said: "Acute appendicitis. Ought to be operated on within the hour." "Are you sure?" he asked hoarsely. "Quite. She's in grave danger. It will be touch and go." "Inez—you think—" "I've told you what I think. You could send for Penley. He'd take at least five hours to get here by air. In the meanwhile I could do my best with ice compresses. But that means running the biggest risk." "You mean the operating ought to be done now—by you?"

"Yes. D'you give permission?" His mouth worked. "What am I to say?" "Yes or no." She paused and went on with a significant slowness. "As her father's away, you are the most interested party." In his beseeching look he put all that he dared not put into words. "I know what you're thinking," she said. "Say it." "If she doesn't recover—" "It will be a clever kind of murder, and nobody will ever know the truth except myself!" He remained motionless. She turned her head.

Beam to Brazil

Continued from page 14

THE broadcast receiver crackled. An announcer's voice broke in: "Attention, ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this broadcast to bring you a special bulletin from the Navy Department. It reads as follows: A powerful force of American soldiers has landed on the African west coast under the protection of Navy

aircraft and Navy ships. Operations are proceeding. . . . We now return you to the programme in progress."

The music came back. They were all looking at Rick.

"Yep," he said. "That's it. Eisenhower's secret. That's why we had to be on the air, kids. No secret any more now. The thing is under way. Those boys in Africa are going to be reinforced, not by slow cargo ships, but by fast air transport. Cargo planes, carrying men, tanks, guns, food, and ammunition. This is the beam they'll be riding south-west. They're going to ride our output from Miami to Brazil, and it'll be non-stop. . . . Now you know why it was so important."

He closed off his receiver, and stood up. "I'll have to spend the night here," he said over the endless roar of those ships upstairs. "To-morrow, Jennie, you assign your operator to stand watch out here round the clock. To-morrow I start on a different project."

"Woo pitching," Charlie said sadly. "Woo!" He shook his head. "As for me, I'm getting out of Ponce before Kalamazoo over there gets her hooks in me."

Ruth Wycoff smiled. "Why, Charlie, I didn't know you cared!" "I don't," Charlie said. "A further addition in alimony would take my shirt." He rolled his head. He crossed to Jennifer Peckham and shook hands with her. "I hope you will be very happy, blonde. You will make a lovely bride."

"Bride?" Jennifer said. "What are you talking about? Nobody has asked me to be a bride."

"Are you kidding?" Charlie sighed. Ruth Wycoff said, "The proposal is too slipshod. Peckham likes efficiency."

"Indeed," Rick murmured. He walked to her and took her in his arms, held her very firmly. "Hello, Prito," he said, and kissed her briefly on the mouth.

Jennifer, wide-eyed, said, "Don't. Please don't."

"To be efficient in a nutshell," Rick said, "I love you." He kissed her again. This time he lingered.

Jennifer said, less audibly, "Please don't."

"And you," Rick replied, "are going to love me if I have to beat it into your pretty little skull." He kissed her again. This time it was more than a linger. It was a stop-over.

Jennifer whispered, "Please . . ." "This," Charlie said, "is where I come in. From here on it gets monotonous. Congratulations!" He stared Rick sorrowfully in the eye, pontifically shook his head, and added solemnly, "And may heaven have mercy on your soul."

(Copyright)

Woman of the World

Continued from page 5

"Here's Nouraya. Minutes are valuable. Make up your mind."

Carrying a bag, Nouraya came up impassively. Inez spoke:

"I'm waiting, Rex."

He drew a long breath and said: "Yes. If hoping and praying can help—"

"Sentiment and operations don't blend." For a second she smiled in that rarely gentle way. "Don't prowl up and down outside here. Get a wireless message off to her father to fly back at once. He can pick up Penley en route. With luck they'll be here by midnight." She turned towards the door.

Without one glance she went through, followed by Nouraya. Rather blindly he made his way to the small transmitting station and sent off the message.

Stacey, the operator, said: "I'll ask him to confirm. If he's handy, it will come through in a few minutes."

Rex waited. Somehow, there was comfort in watching those unemotional instruments. In twenty minutes the message came from Carol's father. He was flying home at once and picking up Penley on the way.

"Don't you worry, sir," said Stacey cheerfully. "That Miss O'Brien knows her job."

Rex went out into the evening sunshine, and because there was nothing he could do the sense of futility goaded him near to breaking point.

"She can't deliberately hurt her," he muttered. "She can't!"

It all seemed unreal. He wanted to groan aloud as he returned to that silent bungalow. There he stood, gnawing eternally at the stem of an unlit pipe, until the door opened.

To him, the life of the world stopped as he looked at Inez.

She said: "So far so good. But I promise nothing." Her arms spread out to bar the way. "Are you mad? Of course you can't see her! Keep away. Give yourself a drink. Perhaps, by the time her father arrives

He pulled himself together.

"Yes, I've got to stick it."

"If there's anything to tell you I'll send out a message."

He went across to his own bungalow, and sat there in unquiet stillness, listening, listening. Towards eleven there was a faint throbbing. He rushed out to the flat stretch of maidan used as a landing-ground.

In the brilliant lilac of the moonlit sky something like a fiery glided. Soon he could make out the silhouette of the plane.

The landing was smooth. As he ran across, Carol's father and Dr. Fenley were already descending the miniature ladder.

Old Mr. Hill said unsteadily: "How is she?"

"Inez operated about five hours ago. I'm still waiting for—good news."

They hurried along with him. There seemed little to be said. When they reached the bungalow Inez was standing at the half-opened door.

"Will you please come in, Dr. Fenley."

He followed her. The elderly man and the young man left outside in the warm night were aware of a cold weight upon them.

At last the door opened again. Inez came right out this time.

"You can go in," she said.

She did not follow them, though Rex was unaware of the fact. He had no clear realisation of anything until he found himself at Penley's side, looking down at Carol's small head on the pillow.

"Hallo, both of you!" she whispered. "I'm all right!"

Despite her weakness, her eyes were reassuring. Rex wanted to bury his head in her pillow.

Then Penley drew him away. Outside the door he said:

"She's lucky. So are you two. There's absolutely nothing to worry about. She'll get well in no time now. But you've all got Miss O'Brien to thank. There's no harm in telling you now that she's pulled off a most tricky and brilliant operation."

"I'll never forget what she's done," said Mr. Hill emotionally.

Rex said nothing. In the moonlight he could see Inez walking slowly towards her bungalow.

He ran after her and she turned and waited for him.

He moistened his lips. "Inez, I know it's supposed to be old-fashioned, but I'd very much like to kneel at your feet."

"That wouldn't be much use, would it?" She laughed softly. "Before I leave Jirkuk, you can kiss me for the last time."

"Before you leave!"

"I'm tired of the heat. I've decided to go to India. Anyway, there's not room for the three of us here."

"But—" He groped for something to say, and found nothing.

She leaned forward and kissed him lightly.

"Look after that darling child. I believe the real me owes her a lot. Good-night, and good-bye."

She walked on—alone.

(Copyright)

Why Suffer with YOUR FEET

When There's

ZAM-BUK?

If your feet have the bad habit of letting you down at work or during the daily round of shopping and domestic duties, why not try Zam-Buk? This fine soothing and healing ointment works wonders for the feet.

Just follow this easy home treatment for a week. Each night, after bathing your feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, massage Zam-Buk well into ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes.

Wonderfully soothing, Zam-Buk soon allays tenderness, swelling and inflammation. It heals chafing, soreness and blisters. Equally good for cuts, burns, sores, eczema, etc.

1/6 a jar, of all Chemists.

For Skin and Foot Troubles



"I was tormented with aching, blistered feet and swollen ankles. Even at night I couldn't sleep for the pain. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief, and my feet now easily carry me over a ten hours working day."

—Mr. W. Simpson.

Have the way to victory—buy War Savings Certificates.

WITHOUT STOCKINGS!

● Mary Rose, our Beauty Expert, tells how your legs can acquire a nice, smooth coat of tan for summer wear.

LOTS and lots of girls went right through winter without stockings. A brave effort.

Now, of course, like countless others, I am using the sun to acquire a nice, smooth, even coat of tan to take the place of stockings.

Here are a few tips on this leg-tanning process:

If your legs are "fuzzy" it is best to remove the hair before having your first sunbath. A good soapy lather and a sharp razor is one way of removing the unsightly hair.

From then on all you need to do to keep your legs smooth and hairless is to massage them each day with soap and pumice-stone, using gentle circular movements.

Give them a sunning every day—back and front—but go slowly, for

you don't want to burn them a lobster-red. Sun can be a beautifying cosmetic. Too much at once can be disastrous.

Spend a minute or two, night and morning, in massaging the legs with long, stroking movements from ankle to thigh, and if you use a spot of hand lotion at the same time, you'll help to chase away gooseflesh, scorch marks, and dry skin.

Very red scorch marks will have to be tackled with a home-made bleach of peroxide and water in equal parts, or by painting the marks with calamine lotion.

As you are not likely to want to expose a pair of pallid legs to view, give them a little private toasting first. Or if you can't manage preliminary sunbaths, you can dab those too-white legs with a weak solution of permanganate of potash.

IMPORTANCE of MINERALS

By OUR MOTHERCRAFT NURSE

THE functions fulfilled by minerals in the body are many. Not only do they play a very important part in good bone-formation, but they also play a part in the action of the muscles, and supply materials for the digestive juices.

It is the duty of every mother-to-be and of every mother to plan the daily menu so that the maximum of these valuable food factors are obtained in the diet.

A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be sent free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O. Sydney.

Blood pressure...nothing to panic about

By MEDICO

"**I**T'S blood pressure, of course," said Mrs. Atkins, fanning herself. "I'm so short of breath, and what with these headaches I get, I just can't stand the heat." The good lady paused. "It is blood pressure, isn't it?" she asked.

"Nothing but overweight," I answered cheerfully. Blood pressure seems to be in the front line these days. Actually, the average person knows very little about the subject and worries needlessly.

The time to think about your blood pressure is when you are young. How you live between twenty and forty, how you sleep, eat, work, and play will determine your blood pressure when you are fifty. Your

later life is made or marred in youth.

However, if you have any fears, have a talk to your doctor. It is this continual anxiety in many cases which is responsible for the trouble. And when you do visit your doctor, don't work yourself up into a state of panic. This, with the fear of knowing the worst, will cause a rise of blood pressure above normal. I've noticed this mostly with women patients.

If you have a high blood pressure,

the main thing to do is realise the limitations of your activities. There is no reason why you should not lead an almost normal life so long as some simple rules are observed. Relax and don't worry over little things.

Regular living, plenty of rest, and good wholesome food help to bring about an adjustment to your condition.

It is often said that there are more people suffering to-day with blood pressure. But I think that is because preventive medicine has reached such a high level. Many plagues and ills that once were the scourge of mankind are to-day a thing of the past. So more people live to develop high blood pressure and other disorders that come in middle and later life.

If you respect your strength and maintain the few rules for good health you will help to prevent high blood pressure.

KITCHEN GARDEN HINTS

CUT only the outside leaves of silver beet and the plants will crop indefinitely. Keep them well supplied with moisture during hot weather or they will run to seed.

SPRINKLE salt lightly along the rows of beetroot when the roots are about half-formed. Beets appreciate salt in their ration, but it must not be overdone.

SOW more hills of marrows, pumpkins, squashes, and melons now. They will germinate rapidly after watering or rain. Make the hills up with plenty of old manure.

TO make climbing beans crop lower and form shabby plants, pinch out the tops when about 7 or 8 feet tall.

KEEP a close watch for early pumpkin beetles and pest ladybirds. They cause much trouble to cucumbers when the plants are small. Dust with equal parts of tobacco dust and lime to repel them and with lead arsenate to kill.

OUR HOME GARDENER.



A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

Give **STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., Lambeth, Eng.

ECZEMA and Old Sores

Painful irritation of Eczema, and long-lived sores that just won't go, should be treated with the deep-penetrating cleansing and healing action of **FLEXIBAR Ointment**. It's fine, too, for Chilblains.

Made to a new formula, with several active ingredients, this unusual ointment contains also li-tree oil (regarded by some authorities as the most powerful antiseptic germicide).

It works into the under-skin tissue—penetrates fast into the sore infection, and rapidly starts helping to clear up even stubborn eczema and other skin sores.

FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price, 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

Dining, Dancing



WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Test your knowledge. Here are a few questions answered by Alleyne Leslie.

compact after the coffee! You won't need to if you've put on a glamorising foundation of **ERASMIC Vanishing Cream** before your date. Hold powder even through a cheek-to-cheek waltz!



Q: Jane's sister has a handsome new fiancé, but when dining out he seems to prefer petting Janie. What's more, she likes him, too! Remembering the wedding day hasn't yet been announced, should she—

1. Give him every encouragement?
2. Flirt, but draw the line at anything serious?
3. Go out of her way to put the matter on a brother and sister basis?

A: No. 3 will always pay, Jane dear. Hold him at a discreet arm's length and get to work on that sister fast! Lend her your **ERASMIC Creams**. Show her how **ERASMIC** gives that radiant complexion that holds a man through ANY crisis.



In tubes and jars 1/2d.

Q: Sue is a smart young rookie. Dining out with her boy-friend on leave, who should come up to the table but his Colonel! Should she—

1. Exercise her feminine right of remaining seated while being introduced?
2. Stand, in accordance with military etiquette?

A: To get full marks, Sue, you must rise. If the Colonel's susceptible to feminine charm, he'll soon put you at your ease. Be ready for such moments with a complexion kept flawless and flower-fresh by **ERASMIC Cold Cream**. Even a desert-scorched Colonel has a heart that can be melted by a sweet, satiny skin.



Q: Who should lead the way to the *recherche* table in the corner—

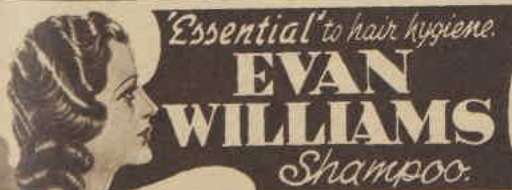
1. The lady?
2. Her escort?
3. The waiter?

A: Waiter, if available; otherwise let the escort find it. And please don't spoil his "dream girl" by fumbling for a powder

Eternity ring for her lovely hands



Do your hands invite an engagement ring? Or are they dull, coarse and rough? You can make your hands soft, smooth, caressable. Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of **Pond's Hand Lotion** onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. **Pond's Hand Lotion** is silky-smooth—not the least bit greasy. It is obtainable at all stores and chemists.



'Essential' to hair hygiene.
EVAN WILLIAMS
Shampoo.

Sweet and savory...

WEEK-END PASTRIES

● Pies and flans... chill to frosty crispness if they are sweet; serve them with fresh, cool salads if they are savory.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

PREPARE as much of the week-end food as possible early on Saturday.

"No cooking on Sundays" was grandmother's precept... make it yours! You need a day of rest whether your work is inside the house or out for the other six days of the week.

The recipes planned in The Australian Women's Weekly testing kitchen this week are appetite-satisfying pastries, created for cold service.

CREAMED SALAD PIE

One baked pastry case, made from short pastry flavored with grated cheese, 2 cups cooked vegetables (such as diced carrot, parsnip, green peas, and shredded cabbage), 1 tablespoon grated raw turnip, 1 tablespoon chopped celery leaves, 1 cup white sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon chopped eschallot, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, crisp radish roses, leaves of lettuce heart.

Combine cooked and raw vegetables with the white sauce, vinegar, and mustard. Pile into cold baked pastry case and sprinkle top with grated cheese. Dust with paprika—if any is left in the pantry. Garnish with the leaves of a lettuce heart, and crisp, tiny radish roses.

TOMATO CREOLE FLAN

One baked pastry case, 1 lb. finely minced meat, 2 large tomatoes, 1 minced, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon dry mustard (may be omitted), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon dripping, parsley and hard-boiled egg for garnish.

Saute the onion in the dripping until lightly browned. Add chopped apple and skinned, chopped tomato, cooking until soft. Stir in curry powder, mustard, salt, pepper, meat, and flour. Cook very gently, stirring well for about 15 minutes if the meat is raw; until thoroughly heated if cooked meat is used. Taste and correct seasonings if necessary. Add, if liked, chopped parsley or celery leaves. Place mixture in baked pastry case. When cold garnish with parsley and hard-boiled eggs. Serve in wedges with salad.

BANANA LEMON CHIFFON PIE

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup water, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 2 bananas, 1 baked pastry case.

Soften gelatine in the cold water. Combine egg-yolks, half sugar, salt, lemon rind and juice. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly. Add the softened gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken add the stiffly beaten egg-whites, which have been whipped with the remaining sugar. Add bananas, sliced. Turn into baked pastry case and chill until firm.



HAWAIIAN CHOCOLATE PIE

One baked tart case, 1 cup shredded pineapple, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 1/2 tablespoons cornflour, vanilla, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts.

Spread pineapple over bottom of the baked pastry case. Blend cocoa and cornflour with a little of the cold milk. Heat remaining milk and sugar. Stir in cornflour and cocoa. Heat slowly, stirring well, for two minutes. Add vanilla. Pour over the pineapple, and sprinkle nuts over top. Chill before serving.

JELLIED GOOSEBERRY FLAN

One baked pastry case, 2 cups gooseberries, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon gelatine.

Make a syrup of the sugar, water, and orange rind. Add prepared gooseberries, cover, and cook until tender. Drain syrup from the gooseberries. Place gooseberries in baked tart case. Dissolve gelatine in the hot syrup. Pour over the gooseberries. Chill, and serve garnished with fresh mint sprigs.

LATTICED RHUBARB PIE

Six ounces short pastry (flavored in mixing with a little cinnamon), 1 1/2 cups finely diced rhubarb, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine.

Line a pie plate with pastry. Pour boiling water over the rhubarb, draining off the water immediately. Combine rhubarb, sugar, flour, lemon rind, and beaten egg. Place in the pastry case. Cover with a lattice of twisted pastry strips. Dot the rhubarb with butter or margarine. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes.

THIS PARSLEY-WREATHED TOMATO CREOLE FLAN was planned for a cold Sunday luncheon. Serve with crisp salad and follow with fruit jelly, hot tea or coffee. It's easy service for a garden meal.

JELLIED BRAWN FLAN

Two knuckles of veal, 2 lamb's tongues, 1 lb. neck of mutton (scrag end), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 clove, 3 peppercorns, few sprigs of parsley, 2 slices of onion, 1 bacon bone (if obtainable), one pastry case.

Cover meat, seasonings, and onion with hot water. Gently simmer for 3 hours. Remove meat from the stock and cut the meat from the bones. Remove skin from tongues. Chop all meat finely. Pile meat into cooked pastry case, moisten with one or two tablespoons of stock. Smooth top. Chill the flan. Cut in wedges for serving. Garnish with parsley and serve with crisp salad wedges. Use the stock to make a clear, hot broth to serve before this salad course.

NUTTY PLUM PIES

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 3oz. dripping, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, water, 1 lb. plums, 1 cup sugar.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in dripping, add nuts and sugar, and mix to a dry dough with lemon juice and water. Roll out and line patty tins (six) with half the pastry. Fill with sliced sugar plums, piling high. Moisten edges and top with pastry rounds. Brush with sugar and water or milk. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for about seven minutes, and then reduce heat (350 deg. F.) and bake a further 10 minutes.

ORANGE MINCEMEAT TURNOVERS

Eight ounces short or flaky pastry, 2 1/2 cups fruit mincemeat, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons orange juice.

Roll the pastry and cut into four-inch squares. Combine minced fruit (the fruit preserve mixture can be used or a fresh mixture of raisins, currants, sultanas, and peel made), orange rind and juice. Spoon into the centre of the four-inch squares. Moisten edges of pastry, roll around the fruit, and crisp-cut edge of pastry with the knife blade. Glaze with sugar and water. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

SALAD PASTIES

Eight ounces well-seasoned short-pastry, 1 lb. diced steak or minced meat, 1 cup diced potatoes, 1 cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 chopped, skinned tomato, pepper and salt.

Combine raw meat, potato, celery, parsley, onion, and tomato, and season. Divide the pastry into six pieces and roll into rounds. Spoon the meat and vegetable mixture on to the pastry rounds. Moisten edges of pastry and pinch together into patty shape. Glaze with milk. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and then reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook a further 20 minutes. Serve cold with salad greens.

CASSOLETTES OF CREAM CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE

One dozen small short pastry cases, 1 cup shredded or diced pineapple, 1 cup cream cheese (this may be made from sour milk at home), 1 tablespoon chopped eschallot (green) or parsley, if preferred.

The pastry cases may be made days before required. Use lemon juice in mixing a dripping pastry, and season well with pepper and salt. To prevent cases rising out of shape, use a plain flour, at least half as much dripping as flour, handle as little as possible, and cook in a hot quick oven.

Fill casseroles just before serving with the cream cheese and pineapple mixture. Sprinkle eschallot, chopped chives, or parsley on top, and serve the casseroles with crisp salad vegetables.

These are delicious as a savory for a garden tea or a week-end supper.

SAVORY CUSTARD PIE

Six ounces good shortcrust pastry, flavored in mixing with a little sharply flavored cheese, 1 pint milk, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, finely shredded lettuce, lemon juice dressing, sliced radishes, parsley.

Line a pie plate with the pastry and glaze the bottom with egg-white. Beat the eggs, warmed milk, salt, pepper, onion, and chopped parsley. Pour or spoon gently into the pastry case. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and then reduce heat to slow (325 deg. F.) and cook a further 25 minutes. When quite cold, cut in wedges and top with very finely shredded lettuce and sliced radish tossed in a lemon-juice dressing.

BUBBLES... JACKPOT

WHICH IS THE STRONGEST FIBRE—FLAX, COTTON, WOOL OR SILK?



RIGHT... WAIT! SOMEONE ELSE WANTS TO ASK A QUESTION... WELL, MAMMA!



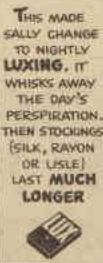
IF SILK IS THE STRONGEST, WHY DO STOCKINGS LAST SO QUICKLY?



THEY DON'T IF YOU LUX THEM AFTER EVERY WEARING



THIS MADE SALLY CHANGE TO NIGHTLY LUXING. IT WHISKS AWAY THE DAY'S PERSPIRATION. THEN STOCKINGS (SILK, RAYON OR LISLE) LAST MUCH LONGER



LET'S GO TO ANOTHER QUIZ SHOW NEXT WEEK, HONEY AND TRY TO HIT A JACKPOT



Rhubarb recipes top the prize-list . . .

● Four very attractive, satisfying desserts, featuring rhubarb and a delicious relish, win cash prizes in this week's recipe contest. Relish can be used as a sandwich filling.

IT'S the fashion these days to be neighborly and exchange recipes and flower cuttings over the garden fence.

This week's recipes show rhubarb as topic for talk in the victory garden, and readers win prizes for their kitchen dealings with it.

Remember prizes are awarded each week for recipes from readers. Do send in your family favorite. It may win you a cash prize.

RHUBARB OATMEAL PUDDING

Four cups diced rhubarb (1lb.), 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt.

Wash and dice rhubarb. Cover with boiling water and let stand five minutes; drain. Add water and boil two minutes. Mix sugar, cornflour, and salt, and stir into rhubarb.

Topping: One cup flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 egg, 1 cup milk or water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup melted fat or butter, 1 teaspoon grated lemon-rind, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg.

Mix and sift flour and baking powder, add rolled oats. Combine egg, milk or water, sugar, and melted fat. Mix lightly into dry ingredients. Add flavoring. Spread this mixture over the boiling rhubarb, cover closely, and continue cooking over a low flame for 30 minutes without lifting cover. Turn upside down on to a serving-dish and serve hot.

Separate with two forks rather than cut, as the mixture is very light and delicate in texture.

Be sure not to lift lid, and keep on really low heat, to ensure feathery lightness of pudding.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Fyfe, Summer Fields, Henty, N.S.W.

RHUBARB HONEY CHARLOTTE

One bunch rhubarb, 1 orange, 1 cup honey, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar,



THIS SPRING SALAD has a centre piece of felled tomato, a surround of grated turnip, chopped egg, and shredded cabbage, and a garnish of juicy mulberries and radish roses.

nutmeg, castor sugar, melted butter, slices stale bread.

Wash rhubarb and cut into one-inch lengths. Combine sugar, orange rind and juice, honey, and water and bring to boil. Add rhubarb and simmer gently till tender. Cut bread into finger-lengths. Brush with melted butter and line pliedish.

Add rhubarb and cover top with remaining bread fingers and brush with melted butter. Dredge with castor sugar and dust with nutmeg, and bake in fairly hot oven for 30 minutes. Then chill and turn out of cooking mould, and serve with cream or custard.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.



TRY DICED RHUBARB in this curried meat loaf in place of the usual grated apple. Add grated lemon-rind to the curried sauce binding the minced mutton. Serve hot or cold.

meat as well as a tasty filling for sandwiches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Bunte, 34 Howitt St., South Yarra, Vic.

SPRINGTIME PUDDING

One-quarter cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/3rd cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon treacle or golden syrup.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg and mix well. Mix and sift flour, salt, baking powder, and spices and add alternately with the milk. Beat after each addition until smooth, add vanilla and syrup. Bake in square cake-dish in moderate oven for about 35 minutes. Turn out on cake-cooler, cut in squares, and serve with following sauce:

Scarlet Sauce: Two cups strawberries (halved), 2 cups red rhubarb (1/4-inch pieces), 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar. Cook slowly until tender and serve over squares of pudding either hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. I. Kerr, Collombatti, via Kempsey, N.S.W.

RHUBARB CUSTARD

Wash and cut rhubarb in small pieces, sprinkle well with sugar, and cook in a very little water. Make a custard as if for baking. When rhubarb is quite cool, place in a baking dish, then add a thick layer of stale sponge-cake crumbs, pour over all the uncooked custard, sprinkle with cinnamon, and bake until custard is firm.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. McGeorge, 7 Tanner's Av., Kogarah, N.S.W.

RHUBARB RELISH

One quart chopped rhubarb, 1 quart finely chopped onions, 3 cups brown sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 cup sultanas, 1 pint vinegar, cayenne and spice to taste.

Boil all ingredients together for 2 hours. When cool bottle. This relish is delicious with cold

Miss Precious Minutes says



KEEP BLOUSES immaculately fresh by frequent laundering. Better for them—and for you. Silken blouses should be rolled up in a towel after washing, and ironed while damp.

CUT those precious potatoes lengthwise for roasting purposes. They'll cook more quickly.

IF the seat of your cane chair is sagging, turn chair upside down and soak seat for a while in warm water, then leave to dry in sun.

MY laundress soaked my new floral in water to which a half-packet of Epsom salts had been added. She then lifted out and pegged to line. When dry it was washed in ordinary way. It did not run or fade.

LIGHTLY SCORCHED linen will respond to a rub with a fresh-cut onion. Afterwards soak spot in cold water. If mark still shows rub with a little water-diluted peroxide of hydrogen.

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Sweets and the fighting man



It is difficult for most of us to associate the tough, tanned men of our Fighting Forces with a love of sweets. Yet most of the men in the Services have a keen relish for sweets . . . not merely because they have a "sweet tooth," but because of a deep, physical need. The rich sugars in such wholesome sweets as Pascall's Barley Sugar, Pascall's Butter Favourites, Pascall's Fruit Bon-Bons and other Pascall products bring the soldier refreshment and energy to carry on. Pascall's are proud that such is the popularity of Pascall's Sweets that almost the entire output of them is now going to the Fighting Forces.



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LAXETTES, chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action. LAXETTES are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing mothers. LAXETTES have no underlying taste of medicine.

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LAXETTES

The correct dose is one-third to one-half a LAXETTE square for children under one year. One-half to one whole LAXETTE square for children aged one to two years. One whole LAXETTE for children two years or older. One and a half LAXETTES is usually sufficient for adults.

Made by the LAXETTE Manufacturing Company. Standard tin 18 Laxettes, 1/7d. Trial tin, 6d.



PHOSPHATE FACTS No. 3

Extract from an Article by Professor W. A. OSBORNE, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.

"During the best portion of our life the phosphate in bone which is tending to become brittle is discarded and new phosphate laid on. Should the phosphate of our food be insufficient for this purpose the bones become weak and the legs are unable to support the weight of the body and the teeth decay rapidly.

In the teeth we find an outer layer of enamel which is crystalline and dead, that is, it does not undergo any process of maintenance and is incapable of repair. Below the enamel is the dentine constituting the main body of the tooth, and this is actually a form of bone with phosphate of lime as the reinforcing agent. For a long time it was supposed that dentine resembled enamel in not having phosphate discarded and fresh laid on, but recent research has shown that this is not so; but, indeed, the true condition could have been surmised from the fact that women who have borne children are apt to develop dental decay."

"To be accurate, phosphate of lime is not the only mineral present but constitutes 90% of the total."

LONG BEFORE THE WAR...

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"A & W" Food Phosphates have been manufactured in Australia for nearly three years by the well-known English firm of Albright & Wilson. DEFENCE CONTRACTS have required a substantial proportion of the factory output, leaving limited supplies available for civilian requirements.

HOWEVER, with gradually increasing supplies, the Australian housewife is beginning to enjoy the same advantages as housewives in other English speaking countries with Self-Raising Flour and Baking Powder mixed with "A & W" Food Phosphates.

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